

Of Magic and Mischief: A Big Four Story

by Lighty7

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Summary: Four very different people are accepted into Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, each with a different house. Naturally, the houses rival each other, so the four friends grow apart, but are forced to come together as a dark force rises to power, and the representatives of each house together are the only ones who can stop it. This isn't ANYTHING like the others.

1. Unsatisfied

A/N: So... This is my new story. I really hope you like.

So... I'm going to keep talking a little long cuz I'm almost to 3,000 words... doo do do... *whistles Pink Panther*. AAAAAANNNNNDDDD The duck walked up to the lemonade stand and he said to the man running the stand: "HEY! Bum Bom Bum. Got any grapes?"

3,000!

So here is the first chapter, just like I promised. Merida's thick accent won't be so thick in the dialogue, and if you guys are wondering where Rapunzel and Jack Frost are, they will make an appearance in the next chapter. Please tell me what you think. I also don't have a name for Merida's dragon, and I need one desperately.

PLEASE PEOPLE HELP ME OUT WITH A NAME, I BEG OF THEE. lol yeah. so... I guess here it is.

Okay so some of you were confused earlier. This might clear it up. In this story, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Second was the first dragon rider, and now that the Hiccup we know is here, everyone knows and loves dragons. This is a Big Four Story. The time is set before even Tom Riddle was born... Seven years to be exact. So Dumbledore is maybe 40

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><p>Chapter 1:**_ Unsatisfied_**

"Mum! Just leave meh hair _alone_." I whined, groaning. Mom would always try her hardest to tame the fiery locks that made up my hair.

"Merida. Ye know ye need te look yer best for the sorting! We have to figure out how ye will wear yer hair." The queen said persistently. I groaned. "Lets try something new! Let's see if we can braid it. It's certainly long enough."

With a flick of her wand, mom actually made my hair into a neat yet carefree braid down the side. Other than a few stray hairs poking out, it didn't pull my scalp, and it didn't feel too orderly for my taste. For once, my mother got something right. I ran to look in the mirror, my bare feet slapping the stone floor in a hurry. I stared at myself. My hair was still a bit wild on the top, but the bottom was pulled away from my face. The little curl on my forehead was sticking out, just the way I liked it. I... loved it.

"Mum... How did ye do that?" I ran my fingers over the simple braid.

"Just a flick of the wand, dear. Ye can practice when we get yer wand!" She flicked her wand again, and my hair was back to the tangled mass it was before. I grinned. I couldn't wait to get my wand. "Just remember, no magic around yer father. He doesn't believe in it." Mom gave me a knowing look, then walked out of my room.

"Mum?" I called after her. Her head appeared from the side of the door frame, making me giggle.

"Yes?"

"When do I go to Diagon Alley?" I asked excitedly.

"First thing in the morning, dear." She smiled. "Remember, yer father thinks we're going for a two-day camping trip. Don't tip him off, okay?" She came over to the side of my bed and patted it, gesturing for me to get under the covers.

"Okay, mum." I giggled, jumping on the bed once before mom pulled me down and tickled me to the point where I was hiding under the covers. She smiled warmly, kissing my forehead.

"Goodnight, Merida. I love you." She blew out the candle beside my bed before turning to walk out the door.

"Mum?"

"What is it now, ye wee lass?" she sighed, walking back over to my bed.

"Will Hiccup be coming too?" I asked hopefully. We used to play together all the time when we were little, when he would come to visit from the lowlands. Now we would be going to the same school. He

was a year older than me, but he was smaller, and I enjoyed teasing him about it. Mom chuckled.

"Yes, Hiccup will be comin' with us. He'll be givin' us a ride to Diagon Alley... or, rather, you. I'll be goin' to get yer... present from Hiccup's father while you two find yer way around. I hear the caretaker for Hogwarts will be showing a few new students around to get their things, you can just join them. Remember to act lady-like." Mom smiled. I almost jumped up in excitement. Dad and Hiccup's father had a signed contract years ago way before either of us were born, and they had been war buddies ever since, so naturally Hiccup and I would be friends as well.

"Now can I go to bed ye little devil?" Mom asked. I giggled.

"Yes, Mum." I smiled real big for her, pretending to act innocent.

"You two keep yourselves out of trouble now, ye hear? We don't want another... '_incident_' like last time do we?" She asked accusingly. I smiled mischievously. Hiccup and I had gotten into a bit of trouble last time he came over. Well, it wasn't really our faults. We just kinda stumbled onto a Nadder nest, and... well... you can probably figure out the rest.

"I'll keep Hiccup out of trouble, mum." I smiled. She chuckled.

"I'm sure you will. Goodnight my dear." She smiled, walking out the door and blowing out the last candle. I smiled in anticipation for the day to come. I wondered what Hiccup was going to bring. We each brought a gift for each other every time we met up.

Last time he brought me a drawing of myself and him riding my horse, which I still kept tucked in a secret drawer. He charmed the picture to actually move, so it looked like he was falling off the horse and I kept pulling him up. Sometimes they would wave at me, and it reminded me of how much I missed the little dork. Being around him was fascinating, as all nerds were fairly interesting, so he was almost never boring.

I quietly snuck out of my bed, slipping into my sneaking-around shoes. These kept my feet from making the noisy slapping and pattering sound against the smooth stone floor. I smiled as I pulled out the nightlight candle, then creped out into the hallway to light it on one of the fancy decorative candles standing elegantly in place. When I got back in, I sat down quietly at my desk where mom makes me practice my penmanship. I sat the candle just right to where it would shine light on my acceptance letter, which had been there since it flew in by Terror transportation. I smiled, looking at the two pages that I had now learned by heart.

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><p>HOGWARTS SCHOOL of WITCHCRAFT and WIZARDRY

Headmaster: Albus Dumbledore

(Order of Merlin, First Class, Grand Sorc., Chf. Warlock,

Supreme Mugwump, International Confed. of Wizards)

Dear Miss. Dunbroch,

We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Please find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment.

Term begins on September 1st. We await your owl by no later than July 31st.

Yours sincerely,

Minerva McGonagall

Deputy Headmistress

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><p>HOGWARTS SCHOOL of WITCHCRAFT and WIZARDRY

UNIFORM

First-year students will require:

1. Three sets of plain work robes (black)
2. One plain pointed hat (black) for day wear
3. One pair of protective gloves (dragon hide or similar)
4. One winter cloak (black, with silver fastenings)

Please note that all pupil's clothes should carry name tags.

COURSE BOOKS

All students should have a copy of each of the following:

The Standard Book of Spells (Grade 1)

by Miranda Goshawk

A History of Magic

by Bathilda Bagshot

Magical Theory

by Adalbert Waffling

A Beginner's Guide to Transfiguration

by Emeric Switch

One Thousand Magical Herbs and Fungi

by Phyllida Spore

Magical Drafts and Potions

by Arsenius Jigger

Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them

by Newt Scamander

The Dark Forces: A Guide to Self-Protection

by Quentin Trimble

Dragons: A Rider's Guide

by Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Second

OTHER EQUIPMENT

1 wand

1 cauldron (pewter, standard size 2)

1 set glass or crystal phials

1 telescope

1 set brass scales

Students will **NOT** bring their own riding saddle, they will be provided

Students may also bring, if they desire, an owl OR a cat OR a toad OR a **SMALL** dragon

PARENTS ARE REMINDED THAT FIRST YEARS ARE NOT ALLOWED THEIR OWN BROOMSTICK OR THEIR OWN RIDING DRAGON UNTIL THEIR SECOND YEAR

Yours sincerely,

Lucinda Thomsonicle-Pocus

Chief Attendant of Witchcraft Provisions

* * *

><p>I hoped so much that Hiccup would bring me a dragon. I wanted one soooo bad. They were obviously the best pet that anyone could have, and Hiccup had the best of all those. The Nightfury. He was able to shrink him using a shrinking spell, and that would make him the size of a house cat, that way he could carry him anywhere he wanted... well, his dad could. But when his dad wasn't around, he did it himself using only his hands.</p>

Reducio. That was the spell. He had gotten pretty good at it, too. I could only imagine how good he'd be when he got his wand. Oh a wand! How amazing would it be when I finally got one?

I reached down into the hidden drawer that I kept the gift for Hiccup in. I had carved a mini Toothless out of wood, and I had practiced transforming it into glass, then to charm it to move. I took it out,

smiling. I admired my handy work. I was good with turning things into other things. It was clear, smooth, and not choppy at all. It looked up at me innocently like Toothless would always do. I had also asked mom to put an unbreakable charm on it. I smiled, tiptoeing back to my bed, blowing out the light as I did so. I put the gift under my pillow before crawling into bed. I laid down on my stomach, my head turned to the side, my arms under my pillow and my legs sprawled out. This was the most comfortable position as far as I could tell, though mom always told me to sleep on my side, curled up. She said more lady-like to sleep on my side. I sighed. Being a lady was such a bore. I wanted adventure. And I hoped that was what I was going to get come morning.

***.*.*

"MERIDA! Wake up ye wee fool! Hiccup is here! An' what are ye doin' sleepin' like that? Oh if yer mum found out..." A familiar voice shouted. My eyes widened and I rolled out of bed in excitement. I jumped up immediately, falling on the maid's toes, and getting to my feet to scramble into my blue dress that mum had insisted that I wear. I sighed mentally as I rushed into it. One of these days...

Ow! Curse that dress!

I gave up trying to put the blasted thing on, and ran to my closet to find my green dress instead of the blue. The green was more comfortable, and I loved the way it actually fit instead of the tight as heck blue.

"Merida! Ye know yer mum won't like that..."

"She won' see it anyway! I'll change before I come back." I said excitedly, grabbing the dress to get it fitted later. Mum wouldn't even notice... "Ye better not tell her. Ye know I'll get me revenge later, Maudie." The maid quickly shut her trap. She knew, even though I was only ten, that I had my ways. I grabbed Hiccup's gift and rushed out of the room with my soon to be filled bag.

I rushed out of the castle to see... Whoa.

The most beautiful Monstrous Nightmare I had ever seen was gazing back at me with calm eyes. It's scales were light blue, some places green, and it had red and orange accents all over, like a blue fire. It's eyes we're a blue-green, like mine, and it lit up it's fire like my fiery red hair. It was only the size of a house cat, and something told me that Hiccup had shrunken it down.

"Do you like him?!" came an awkward voice from the forest. I laughed.

"Of course! He's wonderful!" I shouted in excitement as I went to touch the little guy. He sniffed my hand calmly, then blew a little smoke on it to tell me that I could pet him. As my hand touched his head, he gave a deep purring sound. I smiled, giggling. Hiccup immediately tripped out of the forest, stumbling over his own feet, then tried to right himself. He had leaves all in his hair and he was covered in mud. I snorted, then, my hand over my mouth, started into a laughing fit. Toothless was pretty big at the moment, so when he jumped out of the forest to pick Hiccup up by the boot, I actually

dropped to the ground, falling right on my face. That still did not make the laughing fit stop. Toothless's wide eyes questioned in innocence if he had done something wrong, and Hiccup was waving his gangly arms back and forth trying to get him to drop him. That made it all the more hilarious, and by the time I had calmed myself, Hiccup, Toothless, and my new dragon were all staring at me, waiting for it to end. I chuckled one last laugh, exhausted, then sat up on the ground.

"So, how's yer life?" we all just stared at each other before we burst into a laughing fit together. When we had all calmed down, with my new dragon on my shoulder, I walked to Hiccup in exhaustion, then handed him the gift. His eyes lit up as he saw the glass Toothless, that, now that I looked at him in person, looked almost exactly like him.

"How did you do this?" he asked, amazed. I shrugged.

"Well, I carved it out of wood first, then used a Transfiguration spell te turn it into glass, then charmed it te move."

His eyes widened.

"And you did it without a wand?"

"Well... yeah. I guess. It's not that big of a deal. Ye use shrinking and growing spells all the time."

"Yeah but they aren't very complicated like this is." he admired the glass Toothless, his green eyes fascinated.

"Nah, I can't do those spells. Eh, anyways, what house do ye want te be in? I'm hoping fer Gryffindor." I smiled.

"I think... well, maybe Ravenclaw, but my dad will kill me if I don't get Gryffindor." he frowned.

"Don' worry, Hiccup, yer dad won' be able te get ye 'till they let ye out fer winter break. Besides, if yer in Gryffindor, we can be prefects together later." I smiled. That was enough to cheer him up at least a little bit. He smiled awkwardly, then Toothless picked him up by the arm and put him on his back... wait... "How did ye loose yer leg?" I asked curiously. His face paled.

"Dragon attack." His eyes wouldn't meet mine, and I decided not to push it. I nodded. The silence was uncanny for a few moments before Hiccup spoke up again. "Are you ready to get your wand?" His face lit up in excitement. Wands: the most amazing things in the world, and one was about to be mine. I jumped up and down in delight.

"Yeah!"

"I wonder what kind I'm going to get. I'm hoping for a dragon heartstring core. You'll probably get the Phoenix Feather. I heard the wood used to make it made a big difference in the wand's personalities, and—" He rambled on and on about the different woods used to make it, and soon my eyes glazed over with me just staring off into space. The one time he had to be boring... "aaaaaand I lost you, didn't I?"

"Yep, okay let's go. Can ye grow me dragon?" I asked. Hiccup shook his head.

"You don't have a saddle yet..." he blushed. "Sorry, but -ahem- your mom insisted that I don't bring you one." He got on Toothless steadily. Dragon Riding was the one thing that he wasn't awkward about. I mean he was amazing at riding Toothless and dragon training, but I hadn't even gotten my saddle... Ooooh mom was so mean. Just because I wasn't supposed to ride until my fifth year... but Hiccup got his saddle when he was eight! I formed a pout, stomping up with my new dragon on my shoulder. I sighed when I climbed on behind Hiccup. He gave me a sentimental look before taking off.

I didn't need sympathy. I needed a saddle.

I closed my eyes as I felt the rush of wind over my face, and I knew I had to hang on, so I grabbed the saddle. I knew Hiccup would be either embarrassed or awkward if I held onto his waist. I didn't think a thing of it, but last year I had pulled that stunt and we had both ended up crashing into a lake, and I had no desire to repeat it.

I needed to name my dragon, but I had no idea what. I also needed a saddle for my dragon, but I couldn't just get one. They had to be made especially for the person and dragon's matched shape. I sighed. Well, all wasn't down the drain. Hiccup was here right? That meant we were bound to run into some trouble.

2. Magical Abilities

A/N: Okay I've got a few things to discuss with you guys..._

1: THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL OF YOUR REVIEWS! 11! Way more than I was expecting for a new chapter! Those of you new to my work... WELCOME TO CRAZY TOWN!_

2: Merida's dragon still has no name, so you guys can still send names in if you want... PLEASE DO!_

3: Over 4,700 words! Breaking a record for me!_

4: After reading this, which wand was your favorite, and which was your favorite wand/wizard relationship?_

THANKS SO MUCH FOR READING!_

* * *

><p>Chapter 2: Magical Abilities

We landed in Diagon Alley, no fear of hiding Toothless or my new dragon, because at this time, even muggles knew about the majestic creatures. All my frustration at my mother had passed, then turned to excitement as Hiccup landed Toothless in front of Gobber, the caretaker of Hogwarts and also the Care of Magical Creatures along with the person in charge of teaching us how to ride dragons. He was busy all the time, as you could guess, during the school year. But

in the summer, Hiccup helped him in his wand shop all the time, which is why he was going on and on about wand woods earlier. I think he even made a few wands himself... which might be why his hair was smoking one time I visited... hmm. Oh well.

Turns out, two more first years were with Gobber when we arrived. One was a boy with strangely white hair, pale skin, and icy blue eyes who carried around a weird looking stick. Something told me to keep away from him, as he looked like an even bigger troublemaker on the outside as Hiccup was on the inside, but Hiccup's wasn't intentional. I learned seconds later that his name was Jack.

The other was an abnormally wide-eyed blonde girl with green eyes whose hair fell down to past her feet and even more on from there. She kept having to pick her hair up off of the floor so people wouldn't step on it, and Jack was actually helping her carry some of it at the moment. Her name was long so she just told me to call her Punzie, which was strange, but fine in my book. She had that innocent look about her, and something told me she was too naive, and trusted too easily, which is probably why she was standing so close to Jack, who had put a leaf in her hair next to her ear without her knowing.

I narrowed my eyes, then rolled up my sleeves, about to go tell this kid to stop messing with the blonde. Hiccup, who was standing beside me, shook his head, a look of fear starting to ebb at his outwardly awkward expression, for he knew that I was extremely hard to control once my temper flared. I growled, but then calmed down a bit, grumbling as I went to them nicely, aiming a finger at Jack.

"Listen, I don't know who ye are, or why yer doing tha', but plea'se stop. It isn't nice te put things in ah girl's hair." With that, I pricked the leaf out of Punzie's hair, dropped it to the ground, gave a stern look to the white-haired boy, and simply left to stand beside Hiccup, who was just staring at me open-mouthed.

"You realized that she could have wanted the leaf in her hair, right?" Hiccup asked, looking nervously between me and the girl.

"Why would tha' girl want tha' dirty, brown, crumpled up leaf with spiderwebs all in it in 'er hair?" I glared. Hiccup shrugged as he looked back at Punzie, who now had her hands on her hips, glaring at Jack. "Does tha' answer yer question?" I asked. Hiccup smiled sheepishly.

"Alright kids, 'ts time ter get yer wands! Ye all got yer money I got from yer vaults this mornin'?" Gobber asked in his thick accent very similar to mine. We nodded. "Good. Let's head to Lucinda Olivanders. I make some o' 'er wands meself, not to mention Hiccup does 'emselves as well." Gobber put his hand at the back of Hiccup and Jack's necks, leading them forward. "Now, no trouble comin' from ye, right?" Gobber glared first at Hiccup, then at Jack, his gaze lingering on him. Hiccup nodded his head, sighing in exasperation.

"Sure, I just love having trouble finding me and having absolutely no control over it whatsoever." He said sarcastically, head down. The sarcasm really wasn't all that surprising. Hiccup hadn't exactly been the most loved person in his village, and there was only

so much someone could take before that took an affect on their personality. I looked over to Jack who was just smiling slyly. Oh perfect. Someone who actually looks for trouble. This was going to be a fun day.

Before we knew it we were in front of a wand shop, and a very... strange one at that. It was dusty, but it seemed to have a magical aura around it, and we all became deathly quiet as Gobber and I entered first. I turned around to see Jack behind me, but Hiccup and Punzie were just staring at the store unsurely.

"Come on then," I said soothingly, "The wand shop won' bite." I took Punzie by the shoulder and Hiccup by the hand, pushing Punzie while dragging Hiccup. Then, when I finally pulled him through the door, a rattling sound came from the back of the shop, along with a crashing sound, like boxes tumbling to the ground, then a old lady cursing as something rounded the corner and sped towards us. Then it sped past Gobber and Jack, then past me and Punzie, hitting Hiccup square on the chest, knocking Toothless off of his shoulder.

"Hiccup, are ye okay?!" I asked. Hiccup groaned, pulling whatever it was off of his chest. I rounded on whoever it was behind the desk. "WHAT DO YE THINK YER DOIN'?! Ye don' jus' go hittin' people with stuff!"

"Relax, girl. It vas just a vand. Apparently, it vas extremely attracted te zis one here." The lady spoke with a Russian accent, she was old, wearing a purple dress that fit her poorly, and she had an abnormally large nose which supported a pair of small glasses. "Ah, Gobber, my supplier. Nice te zee you again. How iz ze next batch coming along?"

"Well, Luci, quite well. I trust you've met Hiccup, or 't least seen some of his wands."

"Yes, he tends te make some of ze more powerful ones, does he not?" Lucinda peered over the edge of her glasses at Hiccup, who was still trying to pry the wand off of his chest. It was brown with green swirling around to the top, an emerald embedded in the handle. "I zink zat one likes you. Vine, Phoenix Feather, fourteen inches. Very picky. It has been just zitting at ze back of my shop for about a hundred years. The owner of zat vand should be proud. I doubt any other vand in my shop vould pick you now. Vell, zat one vas easy. I hope zat ze rest of you should prove te be as vell."

"Phoenix Feather? I thought it would be Dragon Heartstring." Hiccup mumbled, once again failing to pry the wand off of his chest.

"Do not be disappointed, child. Phoenix Feathers are very rare. Anyone vould be proud for a vand like zat. Don't bother with trying to get it off. It vill probably stay zere until ze end of ze day. It seems to like you more zan any other wand I've encountered. Never has one moved of its own accord te its new master before. You must be very peculiar indeed." Luci scanned Hiccup over before turning to Jack. "You are next." She looked at him very closely before shuffling off to find a wand for him.

"That was weird." Punzie spoke up for the first time, her voice soft but she didn't whisper like I thought she would.

"Yeah! Did you see that?! The wand just flew straight at him!" Jack said excitedly. I groaned. I did not like this guy. At all. I was fine with Hiccup. He was calm and not full of himself, therefore not getting on my nerves. I was also fine with Punzie. She was a little naive, but she was quiet and sweet. So I already was a bit protective of her like a sister would be, as I would grow to be more later on. But Jack... no. I already figured him out. He was ice. I was fire. Naturally, the two hate each other. It's what defines fire and ice.

"Yeah, It's great when wands rush at me and hit me with enough force to knock me out." Hiccup rolled his eyes, and I helped him up as he gave up trying to get his wand off. Jack was still grinning at him, and I glared at the idiot. He shrugged and leaned against the wall, crossing his arms coolly. I gritted my teeth. Hiccup opened his mouth to speak, but I silenced him with a glare, then turned back to Jack. If looks could kill, he would be dead.

Lucinda came back with a white looking wand turning blue around the handle. It was curved a bit, looking a little like an ice sickle.

"Ah. Remember makin' tha' one, Hiccup?" asked Gobber as he stared at it. "Careful. It's a cheerful little bugger. Kept bouncin' 'round the shop. Wouldn't keep still when we tried te paint it. Dogwood. Unicorn Hair. Thir'teen an ah quarter inches."

"Took ze vords right out of me own mouth, Gobber. Zat zing 'as been causing a large amount of rambunctious trouble. I've been trying to get rid of it for two years now. I vill not be surprised if it chooses no one." She handed the wand to Jack, who stared at it for a few minutes, then reached out to take it. It started glowing right before he touched it, then, smiling, he took it and the whole room was suddenly covered in ice, and Hiccup almost fell again because his metal leg couldn't get a hold of the ice. I caught him by the arms, holding him up before I lost my footing, sending us both sliding to the ground along with Toothless and my dragon. I glared at him and he smiled sheepishly. I rolled my eyes. Laughter came from where Jack was standing, and I seethed. Oh this guy was soooo dead...

Punzie glared at him as well, then pulled us both to our feet.

"Er... I'm not so sure zis wand iz a good idea for you. I zink it may get you into some trouble..." Lucinda stared at me in particular as I glared daggers at Jack.

"No. I think this is my wand." Jack choked back more laughter. She shrugged.

"If you vant a death vish..." She looked at me again before shuffling off to go get another wand. Once I had gotten my feet straight, I walked over to Jack.

"Why are ye laughing?! Nothing is funny!" I seethed. I was about to go crazy then and there, and trust me, you do not want a Merida Tantrum. I will turn into a fiery ball of hurt. Not kidding at all. Yet Jack just hunched over, laughing his face off. I growled, just about to snap before a wand was in my face. I blinked, shocked.

"Try zis one, fire girl." The wand was a silvery looking color, and something told me they hadn't painted this one. There was gold curling in swirls all the way up the handle, fading at the tip, and there were two gold rings opposite from the pointed end. I held it, and I jumped as glass shattered on the other side of the room. "No, zis is not your match." Lucinda then looked over to Punzie. "Vhy don't you give zis a try, Goldy Locks?"

Punzie looked unsurely at the wand, but took it from me, and as soon as she did, golden sparks flew out of it, dissolving into a golden shower raining from the wand. Her big green eyes widened as she stared at it in wonder.

"Ah, you shall prove to be a great seer. Doubtful that you would be anything else with zose eyes. I would be very vatchful of zose three if I vere you." Lucinda smiled, glancing at the four of us as if she knew exactly what would happen. "Unicorn Hair, Silver Lime. Thirteen inches even."

"Silver Lime? I didn't know they sold that anymore." Hiccup's eyes widened.

"Zey don't" Lucinda smiled. "I do."

An erie moment passed as everyone looked at Punzie's wand like it was an alien.

"Okay, It zeems zat you are ze last, fire girl." Lucinda picked a wand off of the shelf, looking for nothing in particular. "Try zis." she handed me a dark wand with dark purple floral decorations with a skull as a handle. I was doubtful of it. It didn't look anything like me. I took it reluctantly, and absolutely nothing happened. "Hmm... I zink zat you may be too powerful for zis wand. Vat do you recommend for zis one, Gobber?" Lucinda's gaze settled onto Gobber, who was somewhat occupied with muttering small things that no one could understand while he examined a wand.

"What? Oh! Er... Hiccup?" Gobber asked for help from the person who knew me best. Hiccup, who was, yet again, failing to get his wand off of his chest, looked up from his name being called.

"Huh?"

"Vat vould you suggest for zis girl?" Lucinda pointed at me. Hiccup fumbled a bit, then looked at me, blushing a bit.

"Can I look around?" Hiccup asked, his eyes seeming to try to figure exactly who I was. It was intense, and this was the first time Hiccup's eyes made me feel uncomfortable. Otherwise somewhat calm and little awkward, maybe a teensy bit shy, but at this moment his eyes were analyzing. Then there was some sort of gleam in his eyes that I had never noticed before. They had that... I didn't know exactly what to call it... It was like uh... a spark of some sort. Like... he was in his element or something.

"This is fine with me." Lucinda smiled. Hiccup nodded, finally breaking his gaze.

"Where do you keep the wands that I made?" He asked, this time watching Lucinda. Now that his gaze was gone, I felt kind of empty,

drained. Strange. All my fury at the white-haired boy had disappeared and a sense of calm washed over me. That was strange. Hiccup and Lucinda disappeared through the back while I tried to change the smokiness and cloudiness of my brain back to normal. I couldn't use my senses well, just staring off into space.

"MERIDA! Hey... are you okay?" Punzie asked as I faded back into reality.

"Huh?"

"She was daydreaming about Hiccup's eyes." Jack smirked. A blush rose to my cheeks and I raised a fist. That was so not what I was doing at all. It was weird. It was like my soul was being examined or something.

"Do ye want me to break you?! B'cause I am naut afraid to hit a... well, I think yer a guy..." I looked him over head-to-toe. "Nope. I take tha' back."

His face actually held some color now as it turned a bit pink, and his smirk had completely vanished. It was my turn to smirk now as he lost his normally cool demeanor. Then there was a loud banging noise and an awkward apology and I laughed. Once again, Hiccup was being... well... Hiccup. Then Lucinda came out with a strange looking wand. It had a blue jewel about the color of my eyes at the end of the handle, but red looking flames decorated the wand, coming up from the handle. There were accents of blue, and behind the flames there was a bit of glow, then black. It looked... perfect.

Hiccup came out from behind a shelf seconds later, then stood a bit awkwardly in front of me.

"I made it a while ago... I'm pretty sure that it's yours." Hiccup rubbed that back of his neck while I reached out to take the wand from Lucinda. "Dragon Heartstring, Ebony, thirteen and three quarters inches."

I nodded, taking the wand into my hand slowly, running my fingers over the smooth wood. I smiled as a warm feeling enveloped me, and I felt a gentle flame start at the top of my head as my hair changed to fire, wrapping me in the gentle flame. I heard everyone gasp as I looked up, blue eyes contrasting greatly with the flames. Then, slowly, the feeling left me, leaving me feeling a sense of overwhelming calm. I stared at the wand, smiling from ear to ear.

"Did ye really make this?" I pointed the wand at Hiccup nonchalantly in wonder, who ducked.

"Gah... please don't point that at me..." his nerdy tone filled my ears and I put the wand onto my blue belt that I had put on earlier today. "And yeah..."

"Thanks." I smiled. Hiccup put on an awkward grin. The, suddenly, a ice cold touch enveloped me as Jack pulled all three of us close together, pushing Hiccup close to myself.

"Well, I'm happy for the love birds!" Jack smiled happily, clearly not minding my death glare. Punzie giggled before she saw my glare

sent her way, then she shut up. I pushed myself away from Jack, shooting a death glare his way.

"So," I said. "What is next on the list?"

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We were in a barrel. Not kidding. A barrel.

Let me explain. So as soon as we got out of Olivanders, we went to find telescopes. As we were walking to Junie's Observatory, Jack was playing with his wand... let's just say that something happened, and next thing we know, we're all (Save Gobber, the lucky fool) pilled up in this barrel next to the Observatory.

I was under Jack, who was currently laughing his head off. I growled, trying to get to him. He was somehow glued to the lid, and was pushing me down with his stupid cane, and I couldn't reach him. Punzie was just under me, a hint of a smile on her face. Hiccup was at the bottom with all of our weight on him. He winced, complaining on and off. I yelled up at Jack, and Punzie was telling a story to Hiccup, her long hair wrapped all the way around her.

"_Jack_! Get us out of here ye stupid-head!" I was ten... cut me some slack. "If I ever get meh hands on ye, I'll-"

"Do what? I know you like me, Mer. There's no use in trying to hide it." He smirked.

"_Like_ ye?! I find ye overwhelin'ly rude, and disgusting, and pretty much everythin' else horrible and vile! Most of all, yer _cold_." I growled, almost blowing my top.

"Merida, don't listen to him. He's just trying to make you mad." Winced Hiccup from the bottom of the barrel. My eyes softened a bit. He was right.

"Oh wait, that's right... you don't like me... you like Hiccup... don't you?" Suddenly the barrel got extremely quiet. How _dare_ he! I did not feel that way about Hiccup. I was ten! We had just been friends for as long as I could remember. I seethed, just about to snap once again.

"I do not like Hiccup in tha' way." I said, deathly calm. "And if ye ever say somethin' like that, I will burn you alive." Fire raged in my blue eyes, and Jack actually stopped smirking, frowning. Nothing was said in the barrel. Absolutely nothing. Punzie was shaking under me, and I had no idea what Hiccup was doing. I stared straight at Jack, daring him to make a bad move. He did nothing but stare for the longest time, then he slowly opened the lid, and got out of the barrel. A white hand reached down to pull me out, but I did not take it. I climbed out myself, landing gracefully on the ground below. Jack reached down to pull Punzie out, and she took his hand and came out of the barrel, but she stood on the lid, not wanting to jump. Jack took her by the waist and let her down. Hiccup was last. Jack once again reached down in the barrel to take Hiccup's hand and Hiccup landed unsteadily on the ground below. His wand chose that exact moment to detach from his chest, and it landed on the ground with a clank. People passed, and a girl with brown hair handed Hiccup his wand. He thanked her, then we all stood awkwardly on the street.

Jack cleared his throat.

"I'm... sorry." he said, looking down. My eyes softened, my glare turning into a blank stare. I heard Punzie mutter a quiet 'it's okay'. Then Gobber approached, stating that he had wandered if we'd been carried off. We all walked into the Observatory in silence, not one of us speaking a word. A quiet understanding passed between all of us. We would not fight anymore at this hour, but who knew what the next would bring.

* * *

><p>AN: So that was the official chapter, but here's a bonus if you guys want to read it. I already wrote it up, but I thought I might not include it... I just want to show you one of Merida's tempertantrums, so keep in mind thatit his mayOrr may not have actually happened._

* * *

><p>"GAH! How long does it take fer 'em te use the bathroom?" I glared.<p>

"About twenty minutes, give or take." Hiccup answered, seemingly very interested in petting shrunken Toothless. I sighed in exasperation and sat down on a barrel, my dragon on my shoulder, who was currently taking a nap. We had gotten all of our supplies, and now we were waiting to stay at The Leaky Cauldron.

A swishing magicy sound filled my ears, and I looked up. There suddenly was a table in front of me and Hiccup, and two barrels on the other side, which were suddenly occupied by Punzie and Jack now.

"Hello, my name is Paige Turner, I work for the Daily Prophet. I'd like to interview you first years for the paper. You are going to Hogwarts, aren't you?" She spoke in such a strange way that we had no choice but to pay attention to every word she said. It was in a British accent, and her voice was high and perky. Her hair was curly, but, unlike mine, controllable. She had piercing grey eyes, a tight pink pencil dress, and her wand seemed to be doing the writing for her as she waved it around, the paper following where she pointed it. She clearly overdid it on the makeup, and I could just see the pounds and pounds that she had put on there. I almost curled away in disgust.

"Yes, why do ye want te interview us?" I asked, my eyes narrowing. Delighted that I had spoken for some reason, she smiled from ear to ear, turning towards me now. I struggled not to gag on her heavy perfume.

"Oh my, a Scottish girl, I can't believe my luck!" The woman squeaked as I curled back and almost covered my ears in distaste. "Are you excited about coming here?"

"Well, I was..." I said, unwilling to be cheerful. Paige Turner sighed.

"Comon, give me something to work with here? I need happiness, insider stories..." She turned towards Hiccup now. "Deepest secrets?"

Her smile was starting to give me the creeps. Hiccup gulped. "Hmm... what's your name?"

"Hi-Hiccup Haddock." He said unsurely, his expression nervous. I mentally facepalmed. He shouldn't act like he had something to hide.

"Full name." she said. I glared at her as Hiccup cowered.

"Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third." His voice quivered.

"THE DESCENDENT OF THE FIRST DRAGON RIDER?" she squeaked in excitement.

"Uh... yes?" He was practically falling off of the barrel to get away from her. She gasped.

"And you!" She turned to me. I glared, at first jumping a bit. "What is your name?!"

"Merida." I stated simply, seething, daring her to ask more. I was disliking her more and more all the more she talked.

"You wouldn't happen to be the princess!" She jumped. She gasped when she saw no reaction from me, just pure evil staring. "You are!" She squeaked, turning now to Jack and Punzie.

"You?" She pointed to Jack, who seemed to be amused by the situation.

"Muggle born." He said simply, putting down the woman's spirits while smirking like he was the coolest thing in the world. I glared at him, my temper rising as Paige turned to the innocent girl with the big eyes.

"And you." She asked.

"J-just a-a c-c-common h-h-half-blood." She whispered, her eyes seeming to look away from the crazy woman as if she was the scariest thing in the world. That was it. That was IT. This woman could only intimidate Hiccup, anger me, and amuse Jack so long without striking a nerve. That, plus she was scaring the innocent blonde, which made me even more angry than before. What can I say? I'm a red-head. I live up to the reputation. I growled a minute before Hiccup realized what was going on.

"Oh no." he managed to get out before yelling "DUCK!"

Then I could only see red. Red, orange, and a bit of blue. All sound was taken away from me except for the roaring sound in my ears. You see, what happens... when I get mad... I kind of just... suddenly... burst into flame? I know, I know, you think I'm a hot head now... I guess that's kind of what I am. The flame doesn't hurt anybody. Doesn't even singe my clothes or leave the smell of smoke. It's what I do while I'm covered in fire that usually scares people... and sometimes hurts people. It's not like I want to hurt anyone... I just have anger issues. Big ones I guess.

And... cue the angry mob coming at me with water buckets, which even makes it worse... so now I'm a wildfire. You just gotta let me burn

myself out. Too many people fight fire with fire. You have to use a more... calming method. How do you tame a Monstrous Nightmare? The blasted person who got on my nerves in the first place ran out of my way, hiding with the others behind the now pushed over table. Then someone stepped out from behind the table, carrying her long hair behind her, gesturing for someone else to come out as well. The fire lessened a little, and my eyes softened a bit. Hiccup, Jack and Punzie were now out from behind the table, leaving Paige Turner there. They calmly walked up to me, but growled as Jack approached with them. I glared at him. He seemed to come to a realization and sat down on the pushed over table while the others advanced forward. My eyes widened. What were they doing?! Didn't they know that they were playing with fire?! They both touched either of my shoulders, and then... it was over. The fire in my eyes softened and then I was suddenly exhausted. Purely, utterly... exhausted. My eyes fluttered closed and then... I guess I just passed out.

3. Platform Nine and Three Quarters

A/N: I'm sorry for the huge delay, but I have school still, and It's worse than the normal school that most of you go to. It's pretty bad. Plus I'm moving soon, so that makes good mental stress. I hope you guys won't come at me with pitchforks for being gone so longâ€| (please don't kill me).*Rubs temples* So stressed. _

ASTRID IS IN THIS CHAPTER._

* * *

><p>Chapter 3: Platform Nine and Three Quarters
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The trip to Diagon Alley was amazing, but it was gone in a heartbeat. Then, when I was sent home, it was absolute boredom. All I can say is that the days would not pass fast enough. There was only one interesting thing that happened. I found out that mom was pregnant. Strange timing, after all these years, but I was excited. I would have a new little brother or sister! Though I did hope it was a boyâ€| then it wouldn't want to play dress up or anything girlyâ€| and we would have so much fun climbing trees and playing in the mudâ€| but if it was a girl, I would brainwash her to like that stuff anyway. I smiled. Mom told me it was due around Christmas. A Christmas present. I smiled. Though she had been holding out on me, but that was okay because I knew it was important. I recalled a conversation at supper that seemed to make her nervous.

"Mum? How are babies made?" My mother never coughs or sputters or anything else like that, but this time she coughed up her drink in surprise.

"Uhâ€| why do ye wan' to know?" She asked nervously.

"Ah was jus' wonderin'." I picked at my food shyly, thinking that I did something wrong, or maybe asked the wrong question.

"Ah-â€| Ah'll tell ye when yer older dear." Mom didn't eat anything else that supper and daddy just kept to himself the whole time, but he did sputter and cough like mom when I asked the question.

But that was long behind me and I was now at Platform Nine and Three Quarters where the train would take us to Hogwarts. They had invented it not too long ago I believe. Thank goodness. If it weren't for the people that made the train, we would all be riding on the back of a Purple Death right now, about a hundred times larger than the Night Fury. I shivered. I didn't think I wanted to do that very much. I closed my eyes, breathing in the smell of an engine and the smell of various people as they walked by. Some smelled like flowers, others like sweat, and then a minty cool smell. My face hardened. I knew who this was, and that he was probably pulling some prank soon. Next I listened. The voices bundled together and I felt a sense of claustrophobia for a minute from all the people. I sighed. I didn't like this place much. Too many people for me. I preferred open spaces. Then I open my eyes to see the train I had so longed to see for the first time. I smiled. It was emitting small puffs of smoke, shining brightly because it was brand new.

All too fast, I felt my mother hug me, and my stuff (spare Firewalker (that's what I named my dragon)) was in the cargo car, and I was searching for a car to sit in. I was one of the first ones on so far. I was about to pick one in the front, when I saw something familiar. Long blonde hair that reached the floor and went further on than that. She was sitting in the second car from the front and was drawing something in a sketchbook. Then I saw her turn towards me with familiar huge bright green eyes.

"Punzie?" I asked. She smiled, having seen a familiar face, and gestured for me to join her. I smiled, then started my way towards her. She was wearing a purple tunic and some black leggings under that with some purple flats. I might have to borrow some of her wardrobe instead of these stupid dresses. I leaned my head around and I scowled when I saw the white haired boy sitting in front of Punzie, looking at me with a cool grin as I almost growled. Ugh. He was no doubt going to be a Slytherin. He got on my nerves to almost the extent of blowing my top. Why must he be here?

"Oh. It's ye again." I gritted my teeth with my mouth closed, hiding it. "Ahâ€| think Ah'm gonna go find another car."

Punzie rolled her eyes and got up to go get me. She had this look with the eyesâ€| _worst_ puppy face in the world. You couldn't resist no matter what you did. She took me by the hands and dragged me into that blasted car. I sat down beside her, glaring at Jack, waiting for something mischievous to happen at any moment. He just grinned at the wall, and I knew something was coming. And a few minutes later we found out exactly what that was. Hiccup ran into the car at random, breathing heavily, and I traded my death glare for a surprised look.

"Smokeâ€|" A gasp "Dragonâ€|" wheeze "tried toâ€|" cough "helpâ€|" Hiccup then passed out right where he was, and fell on the floor. Mini Toothless squawked in surprise, but then ran beside Hiccup's head, extremely concerned. Both Punzie and I jumped to the occasion, checking his pulse, making sure he was breathing and such, but Jack just sat there grinning like an idiot. This caused me to instantly be suspicious, but before I could voice my opinion, a shrunken Deadly Nadder flew through the air above us and landed on Jack's shoulder. It squawked, and then just perched happily like a chicken. It was mostly white, but blue and purple in some places. Female.

"I see Hiccup met Frostflame." He grinned. I glared immediately.

"Wha' did ye do?" I interrogated.

"Nothing too bad. You know, just let off a few smoke bombs and maybeâ€| just maybe some were stink bombsâ€|" He congratulated himself by laughing, like he'd been holding it in for the past twenty minutes. This did not amuse me. I sighed, taking it calmly, like I expected it to happen.

"Ye wanted te cause this?" I gestured to Hiccup, who was still passed out and dead silent. "Where did ye set off tha bombs?" I asked.

"Just a bunch of second year Gryffindors. No big deal. They were badmouthing some of my people anyway." Jack shrugged it off. "I stand up for my friends."

"And who are yer friends exactly?" I asked with my hands on my hips.

"A future Ravenclaw, a future Hufflepuff, and a future Slytherin. Not to mention that a Gryffindor helped me." Jack looked around as if he said something wrong, and put a hand up to his face so no one outside the window could see what he was saying. "But don't tell anyone else about the Gryffindor helping. At first I thought she was a goodie-goodie who was afraid to break the rules."

"Who was tha'?" I asked, curiosity overwhelming me now. Punzie looked up in interest.

"Don't tell anyone." Jack looked around all secret like, and I rolled my eyes. "Astrid Hofferson." My eyes widened in shock. Astrid had done that?! With Jack?! She must have really gotten angryâ€| though I thought she would be more into physically taking someone onâ€| She wasn't exactly the sneakiest person about that sort of thing. No, I couldn't believe that. Astrid Hofferson had a healthy respect of rules. Even she, when it wasn't needed and she wasn't madâ€| she wouldn't do something like that. Now, Ruffnut or Tuffnut I could understandâ€| I'm sorryâ€| let me explain how I know her. Astrid Hofferson is on the island where Hiccup lives. My family goes to visit their place just like theirs comes to ours. It's always loads of fun. Astrid actually let me borrow some of her clothes once when my parents weren't looking. It was nice to get out of those stupid dresses for once. Viking clothes were so much better than dresses. Astrid and I had always hung out along with Ruffnut. Now those were some girls who weren't afraid of mud. You could call us friends. And I knew my friends.

"Yer lying." My face was unamused, blank with a bit of a glare. Jack shook his head and put his hands up.

"I swear. Look, if you really want a confirmation of thisâ€| ask her yourself. She's down the hall in Car 8A." I nodded, shooting him another glare, and then I walked out. Our car was 2A so they weren't far from us. The even numbers were on the left hand side and the odd on the right. So there was just one car in between us. I walked swiftly past the car in the middle, but something in there caught my eyeâ€| I shrugged and disregarded it. No use wasting time.

I practically ran into Car 8A. No one was there. There was only a piece of paper lying on the floor. I picked it up slowly.

Dear Merida,

Congratulations, you have won a little surprise!

With that, the card simply exploded in my face, emitting smoke everywhere. When it did that, a smaller card burst out of the explosion and landed in my hands.

With Love,

Jack Frost

That littleâ€| _UGH_ he was _soooooo _dead. I ran out of the car, cursing in Norse so none of the English kids could understand me, then I stopped in my tracks. No. This was what he wanted. To get under my skin. And he had certainly achieved itâ€| but who said I had to show it? I looked in a mirror that was hanging in between 6A and 8A. My face was covered in black, along with a good lot of my hair. I groaned. Perfect. I sighed. Then someone quickly pulled me into their car. Car 6A. And seconds later I was staring into the eyes of Astrid Hofferson. Her face was covered in black stuff as well as mine.

"Astrid?!" She quickly silenced me, then she handed me a rag and poured a canteen of water onto it.

"Wash your face." She said quickly, peeking out and making sure no one was going to come into the car.

"Wha' about yeâ€| ?" I asked while washing my face off, then attempting to get the horrible stuff out of my hair. Astrid pulled out a rag, then doused it in water like she did mine, washing her face and scraping the black from her hair. She then fixed it into its braid, which made me distinctly remember that I was supposed to wear mine in one, but I couldn't care less at the moment.

"Let meh guessâ€| Jack got te ye too?" I asked timidly.

"Yeah. To say the least I am very angry." Astrid's icy blue eyes flashed an icy fire for a minute, but she calmed herself quickly. "Up for go beating this kid's scrawny little butt?" She flashed a confident smile, but I shook my head, waving my curls.

"He'll be expecting tha'â€| Ah say tha' we give him a taste of his own medicine." I then sported an evil grin as Astrid wore that same look on her face.

"Ohhhhâ€| I like this side of you. So, what's the plan, fire girl?" I kept smiling.

"That's just itâ€| fire."

***.*.*

"So we need to get Hiccup and Punzie out of the roomâ€| how do you suggest we do that?" Astrid questioned.

"Errrâ€| the old fashioned way?" I asked sheepishly. I had never been good at coming up with plans. Unfortunately, Astrid was about like me in that department, so I guess we did need Hiccup and Punzie out of there. "Ah'll come up with somethin' while Ah'm in there." I said hopelessly, marching right into the car, smiling. When Jack saw me, a confused look immediately washed over his face.

"Ah guess Ah owe ye an apology, Jack." As soon as I said this, his face was one of bewilderment.

"Uhâ€| - "

"Ye know, a' first Ah didn't believe ye, but then Ah talked te Astrid an' Ah knew she wouldn't lie te meh." I said smoothly and cheerfully. Then I turned to Hiccup and Punzie, who were staring at me open mouthed.

"Punzie, Ah need yer help with somethin' important." She just sat there open-mouthed while I grabbed her arm and she stood up. "Hiccup, ye better come as well. We'll see ye in a few minutes, Jack." Then I marched out of the room, dragging Punzie and Hiccup with me, leaving Jack staring after us with the largest look of bewilderment I had ever seen. I cracked up as soon as I got everyone into Car 6A.

"Smooth, Merida." Astrid smiled while I laughed uncontrollably. "Okay technically what we're doing isn't fire, and it's going to be hard. Anyone have any fireworks?" Astrid held out her hand and Hiccup and Punzie looked at her like she was crazy.

"Yeah, we just carry around fireworks for everyday use." I bet you can guess who said that. "Why do you even need them?" Both Astrid and I exchanged looks before smiling at Hiccup.

"We're getting Jack back." Astrid said.

"What did he do to you anyways?" Asked Punzie.

"Let's just say our faces were black. So are you helping or not?"

Hiccup and Punzie exchanged a look. Then Punzie smiled.

"Sounds like fun!" Punzie said happily. We all looked at Hiccup. He shifted nervously.

"Fine, but we have to get more guys in on this. I feel alone." The girls of the group laughed at this, including me, leaving Hiccup looking nervous.

"Okay, here's the plan. We know Ruffnut and Tuffnut have fireworks right? The prank kind tha' doesn't burn? Punzie, yer job is te get them from Tuffnut." I said. Astrid and I had spoken about this earlier. We were going to get Astrid to do it, but Punzie seemed like the better one to for it.

"Waitâ€| why do I have to do it?"

"Because Merida and Astrid are too violent." Hiccup said. Astrid and

I both punched him at the same time on either shoulder. "Ow! Why would you do that?"

"Well, why can't you do it, Hiccup?"

"Because Tuffnut doesn't think guys are pretty, and Ruffnut ignores me."

"Wait, wait, wait, waitâ€| So I'mâ€| guy bait?"

"Not if you can run fast enough." Astrid said. Punzie seemed taken aback by this, and seemed to be thinking deeply.

"Umâ€| is it hard? Being guy bait?"

"Nah, ye won' have a problem with it anyway. Ye have the eyes fer it. Just walk up, say hi, then ask if he has any fireworks. It's pretty easy when it comes te Tuffnut." I laughed. Punzie really was cluelessâ€| she was perfect for this job. "Anyway, after tha' we need te find Jack's trunk. Everyone with meh?"

Astrid, Hiccup, and Punzie nodded.

"So we'll meet here with Jack's suitcase and the fireworks?" Hiccup asked. Everyone nodded again.

"Okay. Let's do this thing." Astrid grinned.

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"Hiccup, put the fireworks in there." Astrid commanded.

"Why do I have to do it?" Hiccup groaned.

"Because you're a guy, and we don't feel like touching boxers." True, it grossed me out.

"I think I'm just going to join Jack's team." Hiccup said sarcastically. Both me and Astrid punched him. "Ow! I'm going to have to start wearing padding!"

Earlier, Astrid, Punzie and I had no way of igniting the fireworks, but it turned out that Hiccup knew a spell to ignite something (learned from his father). And he knew how to make the fireworks explode without injuring Jack. The plan was to take two pair of underwear, and glue them together while putting the fireworks in between. We also made the inside one fireproof. Then, to make it look ordinary, we used a shrinking spell. We made sure that it was on top, so when Jack changed into his robes, he'd reach for those first. We all returned to our cars, first putting Jack's trunk in its original place.

We would activate it when we got to Hogwarts. We didn't want anyone to miss out on thisâ€|

* * *

><p>AN: I 'm not used to putting notes down here but I thought I would today and I hope it does better than putting it up there.

>So, thoughts, questions?

First order of business: Two polls are up, but only one is on my profile, so I'll put the other one on there when I'm done. The first poll is about pairings. I simply cannot decide, so I figured I'd let you do it. Lol. Seriouslyâ€| I'm hopeless. Please help me. The second one is what bad guy. I can't decide on that either :'/.

Second thing: I hope that you caught up there that I'm under a lot of pressure recently, and that is affecting my writing a little bit :(. So any support would be great right now. I'm also trying to focus on quantity and quality now so they'll be up later than usual for me.

Third: Pottermore. Okay, this site isâ€| awesome. I GOT A WAND :D AND I'M IN A HOUSE RAVENCLAW! Anyone want to second that? Lol. Actually, I'm curious to what house all of you are inâ€| if you know what house you're in, tell me in a review? That would be cool. Or your wand, because wands are awesome xD. Here's mine: Pine, Unicorn hair, 12 1/2 inches, quite bendy.

Last thingâ€| I know this is lot to ask, but I really love reviews. I know I don't review part of the time, but they really really help me write better. They inspire me to do better. Please, please, I will love you forever, and I will try to respond to any questions you have for me provided that I can PM you about itâ€| otherwise it's kind of hard and I kind of forgetâ€| I think someone asked me last chapter if I used pottermore for the wand woodsâ€| yes, yes I did lol.

4. Disapointment

A/N: Hey guys, I'm back. I know I have been taking awhile with updates, and I hope you'll forgive me. I hope this lives up to the other chapters. I'll write a longer note at the bottom.

* * *

><p>Chapter 4: Disapointment**

The hustle and bustle of the people leaving the train filled my ears. So much. So many, so much, so many. Panicked breaths escaped then consumed my lunges. I hated small spaces. Hated them with every bone in my body. It struck fear in my heart and I would start freaking out and would immediately try to find a way out. The people rumbled around me in a frantic hurry. I focused on breathing and not panicking. Out in out in out in. Punzie noticed my condition and looked at me with big, concerned, green eyes.

"Are you okay?" She asked.

"Hah" I laughed nervously "Ah'm fine. Perfect." I knew my eyes were tinged with fear. Punzie saw through it immediately.

"No you're not." She said gently, taking my hand. "Merida... are you claustrophobic?"

That word pounded into my brain. Claustrophobia. The fear of small spaces. It hit me right there. I was afraid of... small spaces? In my mind that seemed insane. I was Merida. The Scottish princess that

hadn't a care in the word, who craved that freedom that I could only feel when I was doing something daring, something brave. I had done so many things, and this didn't amount to a tenth of those things. I felt like a coward now. I felt weak. I straightened my back, fear still clearly on my face. I pushed it away right then. A determined look settled onto my face. I was afraid, yes. Everyone got afraid.

But I was no coward.

My fiery hair unfurled out around me as I stood confidently against my fear.

"No."

Rapunzel (I learned her full name on the train) seemed to understand, smiling before taking my hand and leading me through the crowd where a stout, blonde woman was yelling 'first years!'.

"Pick a boat!" The woman yelled as we got closer. The crowd of first years gathered and pressed around me, and my hand clutched Punzie's tightly to keep myself from freaking out.

I looked out to the lake. Some boats were bigger than others, some holding only one person and one to twelve. A bunch of medium sized boats were centered along the bank, along with a very large boat. A rush of air left my lungs when I saw the school. It was... possibly the second most beautiful thing I had ever seen, as the mountains back home were pretty stunning. An icy rush of air brushed against my arm, breaking the pure sense of serenity that had filled my heart and mind. I smiled, knowing exactly what comical thing was yet to come, and I completely forgot my claustrophobia. Punzie pulled me to the very large boat, and I was the first to sit down.

"Are these seats taken?" And right in front of me, I saw the first years (spare Hiccup) from Berk. Fishlegs, Snotlout, the twins, and Astrid.

"No." Punzie said sweetly. As soon as she said this, the kids filled into their seats apparently chosen as they had asked the question. Astrid sat right beside me, Ruffnut beside her, Tuff in front of Ruff, Snotlout in front of Astrid, and Fishlegs on the end. Then Jack showed up, sitting directly in front of Punzie. Hiccup was the last to show up with another kid who called himself Flynn. Hiccup sat down in front of Fishlegs, and they started talking all smart kid like, using words that I wasn't quite familiar with, but most were said by Fishlegs. Flynn sat in front of me, and this being the first time I had seen him, I scanned him for a minute, making sure he wasn't someone I had to avoid. He didn't look too menacing... in fact, he looked somewhat... shy. Out of place... which was kind of weird since he wasn't bad looking. Oh well. I dismissed him almost immediately to look out over the lake. The water really was gorgeous.

Astrid nudged my shoulder as the boats seemingly rowed of their own accord, sending me a knowing smile, glancing at Jack, who seemed to be sitting uncomfortably. Given the circumstances, I couldn't blame him.

I grinned evilly at Astrid, then sent the same look to Hiccup and Punzie, who smiled along with me. Then I caught Tuffnut grinning at

Punzie, who blushed.

What the heck?

Jack caught this and started to glare a bit at Tuffnut.

What the heck was that about?

I dismissed it after a bit of thinking, shrugging. The boat was about halfway across the lake now, and I peered into the cloudy water, leaning over the boat a bit. A creature with a humanoid figure but with a green tail smiled, bearing her fangs and I waved at her. She blinked, not used to people recognizing her, and waved back.

Snotlout's obnoxious voice got to me at last and I unwittingly tuned into his conversation with Astrid.

"I'm totally getting Slytherin. I can't wait when we're in a house together." Snotlout grinned. I rolled my eyes. Astrid would definitely get Gryffindor. She was brave, and an amazing fighter. The best of her year. My bow could barely match to her axe.

But those weapons were traded for something much more important to any magical being. A wand.

I pulled mine out now, looking at the beautiful design. The flames running down the side, lit up by the black background. The accents of blue lit up the wand, and I swear I saw the flames move once or twice. The blue jewel in the handle of the wand shone in the moonlight, but not nearly as much as Punzie's wand. She had it out now. Silver and gold, it shone so brightly in the moonlight that I blinked. Then, if possible, it shone brighter. Punzie's eyes widened before black covered her whole eye, starting at the center.

She stood up slowly. I was transfixed, just like everyone on the boat, as she opened her mouth and recited something that sounded so unreal, something so entirely not her voice... I was a bit scared.

"A great evil rises to power,

_Devouring everything,

_It will conquer,

_Unless the enemies unite, _

_And together they will fight,

_The evil will dictate,

_And forever shall we be slaves,

Slaves to the thing that controls our fate."

Rapunzel's eyes closed, and when they opened again, they had regained their true color. She sat down, a little confused. Then she caught sight of all of us staring at her.

"What?!" She put her hands on her head. "Jack, what did you do to my hair?!" She said accusingly.

"Nothing!" He said defensively. I looked away, too shocked to think.

When we docked, everyone (spare Punzie) was in a state of shock.

I shivered, even though it was only the beginning of fall. In a haze, we moved past the gate, then stopped in front of two huge wooden doors. Punzie, Jack, Hiccup, and I all ended up in a little group, not speaking.

Then I finally remembered. We were supposed to do it here where there was no adult supervision!

"Now, Hiccup!" I whispered. This shocked him for a second before he remembered.

"Oh, right." He whispered back before pointing his wand discreetly at Jack's pants before whispering '_Incendio_', then whispering a charm to keep it from actually causing harm.

He quickly stuffed his wand back into his robe when Jack suddenly stiffened, then he jumped five feet into the air before screaming (yes, screaming) bloody murder and running around the room.

The first years were in shock. I mean... who wouldn't be in shock when a kid was running around the room, screaming something about underwear while holding his bottom? I was trying and failing not to laugh, Hiccup was laughing with me, and Punzie had a hint of a smile on her face. Then the fireworks went off. I swear I saw lights coming from his pants, and almost everyone was rolling on the floor laughing because Jack was screaming 'Get it off!'.

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I was so dead. Professor McGonagall (a pretty woman in her early twenties, yet strict) almost killed all of the first years because she couldn't figure out who caused the fireworks in Jack's pants, though almost everyone knew silently it was me and Hiccup at least. They didn't spout though, and for that I was grateful. Everyone that had been on our boat was still little shaken up by Punzie's episode, and wondered what caused it.

But that didn't matter now as the doors to the Great Hall opened, and I couldn't believe my eyes. The first thing that caught my notice was the floating candles that decorated the space above the four tables. Each was decorated in a different color. The one on the far right was decorated in green and silver, the middle right was decorated in yellow, the middle left was decorated in blue and the far left was decorated in red and gold. At the end of the room, was a long table that stretched through the length of the end of the room. Then I looked up. I swear, this was the strangest sight I've ever seen. The ceiling was... gone. There wasn't one. I gazed in wonder at the sky above. It was raining now, but none of it hit us. None of it struck the floor or the tables or... anything. It was amazing. At the end of the room was a hat. It was old and wrinkled and had a big tear on the side.

Professor McGonagall started speaking something about Sorting. I didn't pay attention, but apparently everyone else did. A name was called, and a small girl with pigtails skipped over to the hat, put it on, and sat down on the chair that the hat had rested on. One minute later, the hat shouted out "RAVENCLAW!", and the girl happily skipped to the table that was decorated in blue. Oh so that was how it worked. Four more names were called, then a certain name was called.

"Merida Dun'Broch?" Professor McGonagall called. I warily made my way towards the front, and all eyes were on me. That was fine. This had happened many times before. I had been subjected to the spotlight so many times that I didn't care. Why? I was a princess. Pshht. Sure. Well, here I wasn't. Here I was a normal kid. I swung my arms merrily as I walked up to the hat, put it on, then sat down.

'Well, well. What have we here? A princess? How fascinating. Lets see what a princess is like on the inside, shall we? Well, you certainly aren't all manners and sweetness are you? No! I see determination, yet carefree. A hatred for cages. You wish for nothing more than freedom. Most of all, I see Bravery. The most I've ever seen in any one person. I know just where to put you_.' Then the hat paused for a minute before yelling "GRYFFINDOR!"

I smiled as the whooping and clapping from the Gryffindor table filled my ears, then I cheerily walked to the table and sat down next to a second year. He had brown eyes and brown hair.

"Hi, name's Joe. Yours is Merida?" His voice sounded a little cracky and squeaky. I almost grinned as I realized his voice was probably changing, and I kind of found the cracking and squeaking rather amusing. I had never actually talked to anyone like this of course, but I had heard boys around the town talking like this and had always laughed silently when I happened to hear one's voice.

I smiled amusingly despite myself as I nodded and shook his outstretched hand.

"Jack Frost?" My head whipped around at the calling of his name. He walked up with a mischievous smile on his face, then sat down in the chair and put the hat on his head. The hat seemed conflicted. It seemed to be mumbling to itself as we waited. Jack's arrogant and mischievous smile seemed to vanish over time, and his brow furrowed as if he were thinking really hard. It was a total of ten minutes later when the sorting hat finally made it's decision.

"SLYTHERIN!"

Jack promptly walked over to his table with a grin.

"He must not be half bad." Joe whispered to me. "He must not be all Slytherin if the hat took that long."

I snorted.

"I happen te know 'im. Trust meh, he's the biggest troublemaker Ah've ever seen." I said with distaste, looking across the room at Jack, but smiling amusingly. The memory of the fireworks episode was still fresh in my mind.

"So I'm guessing that you don't like troublemakers, when you clearly are one yourself?" An amused grin was on the boy's face. "How does that work?"

I glared at him.

"That's different." I said.

"How so?"

"I don't go looking for trouble." I growled. He held his hands up in defeat.

"Hey, just stating the facts." When I finally turned around, I saw Punzie walking to the Hufflepuff table. I sighed. I had hoped that she'd be in Gryffindor, but I knew that she'd be in Hufflepuff. She was so sweet, kind and loyal. She smiled, looking at me and waving. I waved back, sending her a happy smile, but I was saddened on the inside. She smiled at me once again before turning and talking to a fellow Hufflepuff.

I gave her a sad smile, then zoned out entirely, watching a few Gryffindors sit down. They all looked happy.

"Hiccup Haddock?"

I was snapped back into focus. Please, Hiccup. Please, please, please, please. As I silently begged, I bit my lip, hoping my closest friend would be in Gryffindor.

Hiccup walked up to the chair a little awkwardly, then sat down and put the hat on. The hat, once again, seemed to have a hard time deciding. My fists clenched in on themselves, and I bit my lip for all of six minutes, but what felt like an hour. Then the hat called out.

"GRYFFIN- Then it seemed to make a last minute decision.
"RAVENCLAW!"

My heart sank. My best friend would be separated from me, but I was determined to still be there for him, as we had been friends since we were five. But... he was so close. I sighed. Ravenclaw would probably be better for him, anyway. Who was I to be so selfish? That was a big problem of mine, being selfish, but at least I admitted it. I sighed again. The years to come wouldn't be as fun as I once hoped, but that was fine, I guess. We would still see each other occasionally. Oh, what was he going to do with his dad...

I zoned out in my thoughts completely, not bothering to talk to Astrid as she sat down beside me, not noticing what house that the people that were on my boat went into, even though I was sure Fishlegs would be a Ravenclaw. I barely noticed Flynn, from my boat sitting in front of me, or Dumbledore's speech. Though it was his first year as the headmaster, everyone was sure he'd be the best Headmaster Hogwarts had ever known. I was shown the portrait that swung open with the password, the common room, everything, and as I settled into my bed, I knew that life at Hogwarts wouldn't be the way I imagined without Punzie and Hiccup at my side.

But one thing was etched into my brain. The words that Punzie had spoken on the boat, and what their meaning could possibly be.

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><p>AN: One of my shorter chapters, I admit, but I was anxious to get this thing up. Your reviews really motivated me! I love you! I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU! 13 REVIEWS?! I'm in heaven. Seriously, you guys are gems. :') The help me know how I'm doing, plus it moves the story forward faster :). Oh, and if you guys wanna throw any plot bunnies at me, feel free! I love dem plot bunnies! xD_

What house you were in really interested me. There were more Slytherins than I thought there'd be, but Slytherin is a good house even though some people are against it entirely. I LOVE MY RAVENCLAWS! Lets all come in here and make Hiccup feel awkward, and let Merida get mad at us! :) AND maybe we can pull some pranks on Jack *evil grin*. So, my fellow Ravenclaw oddballs, what do you say? Also the other houses can get in on it too, if you like! :D no camper left behind! :)

Haha... yeah, despite being a hobo, I'm in a good mood. :D

I basically am a Hobo, I'm living with my granny till we can find a good house, since we just moved. GO HOBOS! :D

Okay, Merida x Hiccup, Punzie x Jack won the poll, now I need my bad guy. Yeah that's right Merricupshipper4evs! U got ur wish! So now that we have our pairings, PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE help me out with the bad guy! Poll is on my profile!

Next Chapter: 4 YEARS INTO THE FUTURE!

5. Dragon Training: Part 1

Chapter 5**: _Dragon Training Part 1_**

First year: Mom gave birth to triplets at Christmas. As far as school, I was a little lost at first, but I quickly learned the ropes... we all did. A fellow Gryffindor pushed Hiccup to the ground that year, and I almost ripped the head off the person who did it. I enjoyed the classes that the Gryffindors had with the Ravenclaws and the Hufflepuffs. Slytherin... not so much. Maybe it was just because Jack was in those classes, pranking people constantly, and constantly getting away with it. Maybe it was the rivalry between the houses. Maybe it was the fact that almost all the Slytherins hated my guts, but, you know, I wasn't sure.

There were times when I missed going outside, times where I missed the misty coolness of the Scottish mountains, where I felt at home. I missed my mother and father even.

As the end of that year approached, I realized I had grown farther from Punzie and Hiccup. I even missed Jack a little. But I didn't do anything about it.

I did _nothing_.

Second year: I talked to Hiccup and Punzie about five times the whole school year, but the only time I talked to Jack was when I yelled at him for bothering me by trying to set fire to my hair, which caused my whole body to catch flame. He was lucky to escape with his life.

Third year: I talked to Punzie once or twice, Hiccup at least three times, because we always talked at the beginning of the year, as we'd at least fly to the train station together every year. I felt myself drifting more.

Fourth year: I don't recall ever talking to Punzie. But I talked to Hiccup once... I think. Jack set fire to my hair again, as if he hadn't learned the first time.

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I woke up on the first day of my fifth year of Hogwarts. I was older now, more mature, more controllable, but not by much. I was turning fifteen in one week. One. Week, which was entirely new for me, because when you turn fifteen, you get to go to dragon training. I would finally be able to grow Firewalker, who had grown a little more over the years, which warmed my heart. He was curled up on his bed in the fifth year dorms, where I currently was now.

"Get up, Dun'Broch. Time for you to smell the smell of half eaten pig ears, because Potions is our first class! Now lets go, go, go!" The stern voice of Astrid Hofferson filled my ears. She was my best friend for four whole years. Fifteen years old, big temper, big rule follower. Best student this school has. Trust me when I say that. I groaned and rolled over, burying my face in my pillow.

"Not naew. It's too early. Waaaay too early, Hofferson." We had taken to calling each other by our last names unless it was something really important in about our fourth year at Hogwarts. Boy, that was a fun year.

"Sorry, couldn't hear that. Get up! Lets go!" She grabbed my leg and tried to drag me out of bed. "We also have our first day of Dragon Training." She added persuasively, still trying to pull me out as I held onto the headboard. I suddenly let go, and she was pulling so hard by now, that she fell down while pulling me with her. I slid off the bed, my hands trying to find somewhere to hold onto, and we both ended up on the floor, covers piled on us because I had latched onto the first thing that I could with my hands when I slid off the bed.

"Ow." I groaned as I sat up. Astrid groaned as well, popping her back with her hands while twisting around to an Indian style sitting arrangement. "I thought that I'm not supposed to be able to join that class till next week." I said sleepily.

"Well," Astrid said exhaustedly while stretching her legs as she stood up, "I talked to Dumbledore and he agreed that one week wasn't very far away, and that we could go ahead and put you in the class." She held her hand out for me to grab, and I did so, then she pulled me up. I grinned.

"Well, then wha' are we waitin' fer? An invitation?" I could speak my Scottish accent around Astrid, but in front of other people, I

maintained a British accent I had perfected over the years. That way no one would find out who I really was. When someone had found out in my first year, they overreacted, and from then on, Astrid coached me on my British accent. Though it wasn't her normal accent, she could speak in it beautifully.

She rolled her eyes, clearly frustrated with me. Luckily for me, she almost never got so mad that she threw stuff, because she has amazing aim. There was only one time that she tried to throw an apple at my head, and that was very successful. I had a bruise on my forehead for a week. There was also one time I caught fire and caused her to twist her ankle. Everyone in the school was aware of my fire-catching habits, and most were okay with it. Others gave me the evil eye every time they passed me.

"So wha's our schedule?" I asked. We got the same schedule every year so we would remember it easier. She sighed.

"If you would stop staring into space, you might know." She said, even though she knew why. I was a little ADD, and sometimes I couldn't focus on what I was doing. I had to try harder than everyone else because of it. I didn't have the hyper kind... I just... couldn't focus. My mind drifted so easily from one topic to another, especially when I was supposed to be working on paper.

I frowned.

"I know, I know." Astrid sighed. "First we have Potions, then Charms, then Transfiguration, then Defense Against the Dark Arts. After that is our electives, Divination, Dragon Training, and then our last core class, Astronomy." Astrid said. I almost whimpered. Dragon Training was our next to last class. I sighed. "That's the only time Gobber teaches it. The rest of the day he's making wands. To be fair, it lasts longer than the other classes." Astrid offered. This cheered me up a bit. After our third year, we no longer had to do History of Magic or Herbology.

"Do we have any breaks?" I asked. Astrid grinned.

"Plenty."

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Divination. Professor Braveheart was a cooky, crazy woman who needed to learn how to talk correctly without spitting. She was Scottish, like me though, and had some of the biggest eyes I'd ever seen, second only to... to... Rapunzel.

Punzie was sitting in front of me, her hair in a tight braid, and I wondered who she had become. Was she still as soft spoken and sweet as I remembered her? Or had the years changed her? I thought I would never know, but in that I was truly mistaken. Back to that later.

I looked over to see exactly who was sitting beside me, as I had rushed in here a little late. I sat down blindly, unconcerned by who was beside or behind me. Astrid had changed classes from this class to Muggle Studies, and as I wasn't much of a fan of boring things, I didn't feel the need to move with her. I froze. There, on the left side of me, was Jack Frost. I almost groaned out loud. Well at least

he wasn't sitting behind me.

Then I looked to my right. A sigh of relief left me. It was Hiccup. I was afraid my bad luck would run on. I wondered a little of what became of him. My head tilted to the side as I looked at him. He was taller than last year. He looked older too. I hadn't seen him since last year, because this time my mom decided to take me to the platform this year, then right after that, I sat down with the Gryfindors in our cars and in the chariots.

Punzie raised her hand all of a sudden. The teacher, surprised by the interruption to her long winded speech, which I hadn't felt the need to pay attention to, asked quietly what she wanted. Punzie smiled warmly for a moment.

"Will we be learning about Prophecies?" She asked sweetly, smiling normally. I froze. I felt the two people beside me stiffen as well. That night... we were all in the same boat... My eyes widened, and I didn't make one move. I still remembered the words perfectly, like they were etched into my brain by a deep, eerie voice.

A great evil rises to power,

A great evil? What was the evil? What? I could not make sense of this line, so I moved on.

Devouring everything,

It will conquer,

I wasn't sure about these two lines either, so I moved on again.

Unless the enemies unite,

And together they will fight,

Enemies? Like good and evil? No. The evil was what was trying to conquer. So someone else had to unite... but who? When? Where?

The evil will dictate,

And forever shall we be slaves,

Slaves to the thing that controls our fate.

Slaves to the thing that controls our fate... What? What could control our fate like that? Weren't we masters of our own fate? Weren't we the elements of our own destruction?

"Princess?" My head snapped up in alarm and shock, hoping that the teacher wasn't addressing me. No one knew I was a princess here. Not even Astrid knew, because Hiccup and his father had kept it secret when I visited. There was only two other people here that knew it. Jack Frost and Rapunzel Gothel. She looked at me expectantly. I guessed the best reaction was to just stare blankly at the professor.

She glared at me.

"Ah kno' yer th' princess, lassie. No use in hidin' it from the class. Ah'm no fool, Ah'm from Scotland, and Ah'd know tha' hair anywhere." Her piercing glare was enough to render me speechless.

"I'm British." I said stupidly in my perfect accent that everyone in the school had come to know as my voice. Professor Braveheart looked unimpressed. "I was born in London."

"Do ye really expect me te believe tha'? Ah kno' ye."

"No you don't." I growled, fire coming into my eyes. I hadn't had a fire episode since my third year, and I didn't want to do it again over this stupid teacher.

"Yes, Ah do."

"Can we get on with the class, Professor?" I growled, clenching my fingers, the fire turning up a notch.

"Not until ye stop this game in which yer trying te fool everyone." Her voice was like stone, her face, a statue, glaring certainly at my face.

"What's it to you anyway?!" I growled, just about to snap. The crazy woman stiffened.

"Ah don' like lies, Merida Dun'Broch. Now please, princess, I insist."

This woman... she was like none I'd seen before. She pressed all the right buttons to make me snap. As if she knew what would happen, she smiled. And that was enough to catch fire. My hair was aflame, but I stayed deathly still. I struggled to control the rage within me, desperately holding onto my sanity. I closed my eyes for a second, then opened them, the wave of fire gone. But that didn't mean I wasn't seething.

The class was astonished. They'd never seen me catch fire and control it before, and some had never even seen me catch fire. My confidence rose.

"Can we get on with the class now, professor? I think you're holding up the lesson." I said politely in my perfectly formed British accent that was so different from my normal Scottish one.

The professor glared, gritting her teeth, as if I didn't do something she wanted me to do, then moved on with the lesson, still seething.

One thing was for sure. Divination would not be boring.

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"Welcome te Dragon Training. Ah hope tha' yer all aware of the dangers tha' come with this class, and Ah also hope tha' yer parents kno' as well. Ah only teach this class once a day, so there's gonna be a lot of ye. Now, if ye kno' me, ye kno' how Ah teach. Ah want all of ye tha' has never flown on ah dragon te raise yer hand." Gobber

looked at us with a sense of authority as a spare few of the students raised their hands.

"Never rode ah dragon by yerselves?"

My hand rose, along with most of the class' hands. A few hands stayed down. More precisely, Hiccup's hand stayed down. Only one other hand stayed down, and that was Jack Frost's hand. He had a mischievous grin on his face, but his stance was innocent looking. I didn't buy it.

"This class is here to teach ye how te handle dragons. If ye already have yer own, please bring them out now." Firewalker squirmed his way out of my robe, appearing out from under my sleeve as if he was summoned. He gave a proud squawk, scampering up my shoulder happily. I fed him a piece of dried out fish, and he swallowed it gratefully, purring. The blue parts of his body caught flame a bit, as it always did when he told me that he was happy. Blue means happy. Red means angry or frustrated. Orange means content. There was also a bit of purple that he burned when he told me he was jealous or depressed.

Jack had pulled out Frostflame, and Hiccup had Toothless on his shoulder. People swarmed him when they saw Toothless. Toothless basked in the attention, doing tricks in the air and shooting little fireballs at other dragons. I laughed. He was such a cute little show off.

I turned to see who all didn't have dragons. There were a few people around that didn't have any. One was a girl with spiky black hair, shocking blue eyes, and a too-cool-for-school attitude. There was something... off about her. I couldn't put my finger on what it was.

Then there was a girl with long blonde hair that came down past her feet. I knew who this was immediately. The question was, did Rapunzel really not have a dragon? Noticing this, I walked over to Hiccup, thinking that he might have kept in touch with her where I hadn't.

I shooed Toothless' adoring crowd away as I pushed my way to Hiccup, leaving Astrid staring after me suspiciously.

"Hey." I said perfectly in my Brittish accent. Hiccup jumped in surprise, shaking his head when he heard my accent. Hiccup's accent was something I couldn't place since I was little. I knew his mother was a traveller, so maybe he picked it up from her instead of his father's accent, which was very similar to mine.

"Uhm... hi?" He asked. Fishlegs tensed nervously by his side. I glared at him.

"I don't bite you know." I told Fishlegs.

"Yeah but you do catch fire..." He flinched. I gritted my teeth. "Well, I... I'll be going to... um... to go get my dragon. Be back um... later." Fishlegs walked nervously away towards the stables where everyone that couldn't do shrink or grow spells kept their dragons. Needless to say, the stables were rarely used. Right now, we were on the flat ground behind the school near Gobber's shop. He was the person everyone came to when they broke their wand, or their wand

needed replacing.

"Have you kept in touch with Rapunzel?" I asked, getting straight to the cut.

"Not since our first year. We kind of... drifted apart. That's kind of what happened with... well... everyone that isn't in the same house. Fishlegs studied it last year." Huh. This older Hiccup was less... stuttery than he used to be. I kind of missed it. Yet he sounded like he was still a full on nerd, and I was glad that hadn't changed. Most of the time I like people to remain the same so they're easier to deal with. I glared at him for being less stuttery. I knew he couldn't help it, but I didn't care. I liked it when he stuttered. It was funny.

"Well, do you at least know why she doesn't have a dragon?" I asked, still glaring.

"Oh, she has one. But it is very... small."

I cocked my head to the side, confused. Weren't all of our dragons small at the moment?

"Her dragon is the Terrible Terror. It would be stupid to grow it since it's brain isn't very- ow! Toothless!" Toothless had just latched on to Hiccup's ear with his gummy mouth, which made me laugh. Hiccup pried Toothless off of his ear, much to my disappointment, then spoke again. "-since it isn't as intellectual as the other dragons."

"So what will she do?" I asked, biting back a chuckle.

"She is getting a riding dragon today. I recommended a Changewing for Gobber to get, and for the other girl... I have know idea, but I have a hunch that its the Whispering Death... or maybe a Skrill."

"I see. Why is Fishlegs scared of me?" I asked, completely off topic.

"Well... he's been... studying you."

"Studying me? Why...?" I glared, hoping to not get mad again twice in one day, but I kind of doubted it. Hiccup had caused me to get that mad before, but with the mood I was in now, I kind of doubted it. I wouldn't burst into flames again today. No way. I was all washed out today.

"He's been studying your fire patterns, how they relate to your anger, and how controllable they are. You remember when you first touched your wand, right?"

I thought for a moment, then nodded.

"That was a powerful flame, not fiery, not full of anger, but powerful, very similar to the one in Divination where everyone was sure you were going to burn down the school." Hiccup said. I glared at him, then almost punched him, but I decided that was Astrid's job. It always had been, and it always will be. But I had to do something..."

I concentrated on fire. I lifted my palm up towards the sun, as if I were asking for it to give me a drop of sun, then focused on my speed. I could feel the tiny cells in my hand speeding up, getting warmer as they raced. Then the miracle happened. Blue fire sprung up in my hand, and Hiccup stopped talking in astonishment. This didn't harm my hand at all. I gazed in wonder at the flame in my hand, then immediately threw it at Hiccup, knowing it wouldn't harm him somehow, and it dissolved as soon as it hit his robe. He threw his arms up to protect his face, absolutely flabbergasted by the fire which had now disappeared. I laughed, giggling as his still astonished face turned into a grin.

Unfortunately, Gobber decided to pick teams right this instant, and another unfortunate turn of events, he picked it in pairs of who were standing next to each other. So that meant Ruff and Tuff were in a pair, Fishlegs and Snotlout were in a pair (I don't know if Snotlout was trying to come behind Fishlegs to give him a wedgie or not), Jack and Rapunzel (Jack was the one standing off to the side, and there were three in Rapunzel's friend group), Astrid with Flynn (they were standing back to back talking with other people), then Hiccup and me.

"_What?!_" Asked Astrid, outraged. Flynn had turned into quite a ladies man, and he flashed a charming smile at her now. She paid him no mind, but simply sighed and accepted her fate, shooting me a glare. So maybe it was my fault since I had gone to talk to Hiccup... then we could have been a team. I sighed, turning around to face Hiccup, who was sighing across the field at Fishlegs. Fishlegs sent him a worried look, flashing a glance at me. Hiccup rolled his eyes and gestured to Snotlout, stating that Fishlegs had his own problems. Snotlout, meanwhile, was trying to show off to Astrid. Astrid didn't pay any attention to him, except when he said something peculiar to her. I didn't know what it was, but I had a feeling that it wasn't something nice, because then Astrid growled just before sending a hex at him that knocked him off his feet. Snotlout rose a second later covered in dirt, and sporting a grey beard. He was... a dirty old man. Everyone laughed, as now they were watching. Gobber wasn't paying attention, instead bringing a Changewing and a Skrill out of the dragon barn. The Skrill was giving off little sparks while the Changewing was looking around curiously. I had a feeling which person would get which dragon.

"Rapunzel Gothel. Present your wand." Gobber was the best teacher in the school. Why? Because when he talked, people listened. So when he spoke these words, Snotlout's beard disappeared (to everyone's disappointment), and everyone became quiet... well, except for the snide comments that couldn't help escaping the teens from Berk. I rolled my eyes at the ridiculousness of it. Gobber paid no attention to it. He just stared down at Rapunzel with... was that a tear in his eye?

Punzie gave a sad smile, running up to hug him. I never thought of what relationship Punzie might have with Gobber, and it sure looked a lot like a Father-Daughter bond. Gobber faked wiping some dust out of his eye as Punzie presented her wand, smiling sadly.

"Ah never thought Ah'd see the lot of ye in dragon training so early." He snuffled, reaching for Rapunzel's hand, and guiding it towards the Changewing's muzzle. Rapunzel smiled nervously, touching the dragon's snout. The orange Changewing nuzzled her soft hand with

its snout. It gave the idea that it was smiling. I, unknowingly to myself, smiled while just watching them. Gobber wiped some 'dust' out of his eyes, then called out another name.

"Zora Nightingale. Present your wand."

As she handed Gobber her wand, I peered to see what it looked like. My eyes widened. What... I had seen that wand before... it was... a dark wand... with dark purple floral decorations and... a skull as a handle... where did I see that? As soon as the wand was presented, Zora took it back, glaring at all who was staring at her. She took one long look at me, her electric eyes staring into my soul.

There was something off about her... I thought as she laid a hand on the Skrill with a strong determination in her eyes. And I would find out just what it was... after this lesson of dragon training.

* * *

><p>AN: I know, I know. I'm dead. You guys will hunt me down and kill me in my sleep. And I call myself an author. *Ashamed sigh* __I won't even bore you with excuses. Go ahead. I give you full permission to shoot me. *tear rolls down cheek* I AM SO SORRY! I don't deserve your awesome reviews, or anything awesome that you tell me about this story._

I will NEVER abandon this story. Whether it takes a few days, or a year to update, I AM writing. I am ALWAYS writing. I promise you, I will see this story through.

_Remember, I love any kind of review that tells me anything about how I am doing. I am working on making Punzie not-so-clueless, as someone requested, and I thank them for their constructive criticism.

—

Okay as for what antagonist you guys voted for... that is for me to know, and for you to find out. Hehe... I feel so evil.

I was going to respond to all of you directly, but I am, once again, pressed for time, so I will now ask you this chapter's questions.

_1. Where did Merida see that wand before? *Hint hint, second chapter*__

_2. What dragon would you have if you had one? And don't say night fury. There's only one of those, and it belongs to Hiccup, fair and square. NO ONE STEALS TOOTHLESS!__

_3. What are your thoughts on new, mysterious Zora Nightingale?__

_Oh and Meridashiper4evs/Soul seeker3 yes I meant u! You rock!__

6. Dragon Training: Part 2

_**Chapter 6: Dragon Training Part 2**__

"Okay, now that ye all have yer dragons, it's time te fly. Hiccup? Demonstrate?" Gobber asked confidently and knowingly. Hiccup nodded,

prying Toothless from his head. He took his wand out. Toothless tried to run away. The black dragon's personality was so different when he was small. Small Toothless was cowardly, but he was such a show off. He was playful, fun, and adorable. Big Toothless had a powerful air about him, yet he was gentle and playful unless someone threatened his rider, or made him angry. He was prideful, and he was brave.

Big Toothless would be in Gryffindor. I laughed as I imagined Toothless in school robes. This caused me to snort once, and I stopped laughing immediately, covering my mouth. But the damage was done. Everyone was staring at me now, a surprised smile on their faces. Jack laughed out loud. I gave an awkward grin, embarrassment clearly written on my face. Well, I had done worse things in front of people than that. Hiccup sent me a sympathetic look, then, trapping Toothless' tail under his prosthetic, he whispered something under his breath at the dragon, who growled and grunted in a kind of... order... as if he was talking. Hiccup seemed to bite something back at him, then he turned Toothless into his normal size. Was Hiccup talking to Toothless? My mind traveled off topic as I saw Toothless grow and become the magnificent beast that he was.

Those who had never seen a full grown Night Fury gasped in awe. Toothless payed no mind. He was probably used to it by now. Toothless grinned well... toothlessly, and sat on his haunches. Hiccup made a motion with his hands, then Toothless crouched down playfully, like a dog would when it wanted to play. But this wasn't because he wanted to play, but it was because he wanted to fly. Hiccup waited for Gobber's approval.

>Gobber nodded quite fatherly, and Hiccup mounted Toothless, clicking his prosthetic into place. Over the years, he had made all these contraptions that I had no name for, and no way of identifying what they were or what they did.<p>

I only knew what one thing did. The gear shifter. When Hiccup clicked his prosthetic into place, it clicked onto this... gear shifter. Instead of trying to tilt his nonexistent ankle in all directions, he moved his still attached knee back and forth, causing his leg to move the handle out of the first notch, then into the second notch, which enabled them to take off. From there he could still move it as needed by doing the ankle thing, but the notch was limited to going upwards. That's where the third notch came in. The third notch was for flying straight, gliding, but it could also go up, down, and sideways. Up and down by Hiccup's foot, sideways by a stick on the saddle that Hiccup pulled either left or right, and it caused them to tilt to either side. Speed was not limited for the third notch. They could go fast or slow, race through the clouds or stare at the sights. Then there was the fourth notch. It caused Toothless to go down. Nothing special about that one.

Hiccup was Gobber's assistant when it came to dragon teaching, for he was a Dragon Tamer prodigy. He was now 16, yet he looked 15. One little shred of his father didn't want him to be picked on because he was so... immature (on the outside, mind you), so he held him back a year, just to be safe. His brain didn't need it. In fact, he was probably already a seventh year in intellect, one grade above where he was supposed to be.

Toothless took off. There was no need for communication for Hiccup and Toothless. Their thoughts linked, their expressions concentrated, they were the perfect pair. It was a sight to behold when they flew

across the lake, water rising up on either side of them from the pure power and energy. They dove under the water, and you could only see a faint outline of where they were. Then, abruptly, they sprang from the water closest to us, gliding through the trees effortlessly, as if it was pure instinct guiding them. I heard Toothless give a roar of delight, as if death-defying acts were the most amazing things in the world. As if that wasn't enough, they flew hundreds of meters above the lake, then Hiccup unhooked himself from Toothless. Free falling, his arms and legs spread out around him, and it caused him to slow down a bit. Toothless and Hiccup fell for a bit, and I swear my heart was beating out of my chest.

>What if they couldn't straighten it out in time? What if they fell and didn't stop? What if they- I mentally slapped myself. Sure, Hiccup got into trouble, sure he was speeding towards the ground at I didn't know how many meters a second, but Hiccup also had a knack for getting himself out of that same trouble.<p>

Sure enough, about a hundred meters before they hit the lake, they started to pull together. Then, finally, they pulled together and lifted up not five meters from hitting the lake. They soared over it, making water rise around them as they went. The fifth years were now ecstatic. They cheered as Toothless landed, smiling gummily. Hiccup's windswept hair was all over the place, and he was smiling, breathing heavily. What that must have been like... to free fall like that... it blew my mind. There had to be something I could compare to it, but I thought of nothing except for floating in water, but still the rush wasn't there then. There had to be a big rush from falling like that.

Then the people swarmed him. More particularly, girls. I admitted that Hiccup was somewhat... attractive, but they didn't even know him. There was only five girls that stayed back, including me. Punzie stayed back, as if she was thinking intently about something else. Zora stayed back, eyes narrowed. It was if she saw... competition. There was another girl that I thought I had seen before... I think her name was Heather. Anyway she looked the most impressed out of all of us, but she did not act on it like the girls (and some boys) swarming Hiccup did. And the last was Astrid. Heck, even she looked a little impressed. Well she did, after all, have very good reason to be impressed. Anyone who would pull a stunt like Hiccup did had to be extremely brave, and had to have the skill to not be reckless. They had to know what they were doing, and had to have the guts to pull it off. It was a shame that he wasn't in Gryffindor.

Behind the crowd, I caught a glimpse of Hiccup being extremely awkward, flustered by the attention. He tripped over his prosthetic, but he was caught by one of the guys swarming him, and this caused him to be even more awkward. I didn't think he was gay, but you never know these days. I smiled, watching him being his awkward self that I knew him to be when we were smaller.

I suppose this was when the feelings started, I don't really know if it was at this point, or if it started when I first met him, standing awkwardly behind his father, and me standing behind mine. He was seven, and I was six. Our fathers went in for bear hugs, and we just looked at each other unsurely, like the other person was an alien from a different planet. Then, his hair was all over the place, like it is now. It was very unruly, and it did anything it wanted. It was shorter then, though. His eyes were still green, and he had more freckles then than he has now. I think they faded. When he was

eleven, he had a smoother hairstyle. I think it changed back to the way it was when he was seven because of all the dragon riding. Anyway, neither one of us wanted to approach the other, but there came a moment when we had to.

A Whispering Death had gotten a really, really bad toothache, and had somehow almost thrown my dad off a cliff. He was holding on by one hand, and I was doing my best, but I couldn't help him up by myself. That's where Hiccup came in with Toothless. See, Hiccup hadn't had Toothless for very long, maybe a week, and Toothless was a little smaller than my horse, Angus, then. We guessed he was about a year old, and apparently, Nightfuries don't fly until they're one and a half years old. Well, Toothless flew earlier than expected. You can imagine what happened. Hiccup grabbed my father's other hand while his dad was trying to calm the Death down, and Toothless flew for the very first time, grabbing onto my dad's clothes with his front paws, and pulling upwards with all his might. Only then did my dad get over the cliff. I hugged my dad promptly, then whispered over his shoulder 'thank ye'. Hiccup just nodded, breathing heavily and praising Toothless for a job well done.

I blinked once, shaking the flashback out of my head, suddenly very confused. I honestly didn't know what to think. I'm serious. I was absolutely thoughtless, dazing and staring at a tree.

"That was pretty cool." Astrid said, smiling slightly while shocking me out of my trance.

"Whoa hold the dragons, Astrid is impressed? Better get out the trumpets and fancy cake!" I laughed and Astrid rolled her eyes. "Yeah, I know." I said on a more serious note, watching Hiccup grin sheepishly at the crowd as they dispersed.

"Alright, so until ye are ready te ride, ye will study the book of dragons. It has everythin' we kno' about every dragon we kno' of. Ye will not be using yer books ye bought until ye have learned about dragons. I wish they still sold them." Gobber handed out books, only giving Hiccup one and not me. "Ah don't have enough books fer all of ye, so yu'll have to share with yer partner."

Astrid made sure that _she_ would be the one to handle the book, threatening Flynn all the while. I blushed and winced as I heard her threaten to cut off some *ahem* _vital_ parts, so I turned around to Hiccup, who was walking over to me, Toothless on his shoulder. He must have changed him back while I was watching Astrid.

"Alright, teams of two, Ah'm going te add you te another team, who will be your competition crew. Ye will train together, fly together, and work together. Ah'm going to call out two groups randomly. There are twenty four of ye, which means twelve groups, so there will be six teams. Team one: Astrid, Flynn, Fishlegs, and Snotlout. Team two: Kira, Lilly, Amanda, and Zora. Team three: Tuffnut, Ruffnut, Cleo, and Leo. Team four: Hiccup, Merida, Jack, and Rapunzel. Team five: Johnny, Mason, Landon, and Randy. Team six: Heather, Olivia, Rosa, and Wiley. Get into yer Teams."

Oh crap. _Me_?! And _Jack_?! In the same team?! Did Gobber _want_ all heck to break loose? I sighed quietly, walking with Hiccup to team up with Rapunzel and Jack.

>"This week we'll be studying the Stoker Class. Keep in mind there

are more dragons than just tha ones in tha book. This is ah beginners guide. Ahlright, ye have the rest of the class to get acquainted with yer teammates. See me tomorrow at two. No homework fer tonight."<p>

I glared at Jack for a few minutes, and I realized that he was being strangely quiet, watching his shoes like they were the most fascinating invention in the world.

>Firewalker puffed a little smoke through his nose, content for some reason. Toothless started showing off to Rapunzel's new dragon, the only female dragon in the group. She didn't pay him any mind. She was admiring the color of Punzie's long golden hair and vivid green eyes.<p>

"What are you going to name her?" I asked, smiling at the dragon's soft skin, which had changed to the color of Punzie's hair.

"I think I'll call her Vivid, but I haven't decided yet." The now small dragon hid herself in Punzie's long hair, seemingly very shy, especially of the other dragons around her.

>Only then did I notice something pretty peculiar. Firewalker and Toothless seemed to have struck up a conversation consisting of growls and a lot of hissing noises. This wasn't really new, but the thing that got me was that Hiccup seemed to be listening, understanding what the babbling meant. I watched his auburn hair sway as he tilted his head, narrowing my eyes.<p>

"Do you speak dragonesse?" I asked. Hiccup jumped.

>"Uhhhh... well yes. A little." This didn't surprise me much. From the distance I could hear Gobber say that class was dismissed, but our team didn't go anywhere. I heard everyone else walk off.<p>

"What are they saying?" I asked curiously. Focused only on our team, tuning everything else out, I waited for Hiccup's response.

"They're feeling weird. Like something's watching them." How peculiar. An eerie feeling washed over me, suddenly making me shiver.

"Merida..." Punzie spoke up, watching me gravely. "Move."

"Why?" I asked, oblivious to danger.

Right then a tree with the width of both mine and Hiccup's dads put together started falling... right where I was standing. I froze in shock like a deer in headlights. I was frustrated on the inside. I couldn't move, couldn't breathe. I couldn't speak or scream. I was paralyzed with fear. If Hiccup, who was standing just a little off to the side, hadn't saved me just then, I probably would have died. It happened in a haze. Hiccup used all of his body weight to pull me out of the way. I fell to the ground, then rolled twice sideways, scraping my hands and elbows up really bad, sacrificing them to save my head. Hiccup landed flat on his stomach, for his prosthetic slipped on a leaf from using so much force to pull me to safety. Bruised, I looked up. Hiccup's prosthetic was stuck underneath the tree. I gasped a sigh of relief, but at the same time felt guilty.

>Hiccup hadn't been hurt, but he'd have to make another prosthetic, and he'd spent years working on that one, upgrading it till it was

just right.<p>

Before anyone could react, Hiccup gestured for me to come over there, pointing at his prosthetic. Toothless, who was right at his side, growled when I approached, but Hiccup waved his arm and he let me pass.

"Just unhook the... Yeah. Ow!" Hiccup guided, straining as I directed his leg off the foot.

"Sor'ree," I slipped into my accent as I tried to take the thing off. Punzie and Jack came up behind me.

"Maybe if you move the-" Punzie was cut off by kind of a girlish yelp, and Jack snickered.

"Okay yeah, that hurt."

"Unbuckle the strap there, and... there you go. Thanks." Hiccup pulled himself off his prosthetic. It looked painful... Apparently landing face-down was not a good idea when you're about to be crushed by a fallen tree. When Hiccup got away from the tree, Jack helped him up.

Me and Jack ended up on either side of Hiccup, him with one arm around both of us, hopping to the wand shop. Hiccup explained to us that he had his old prosthetic in Gobber's wand shop, just in case he needed it. Thankfully it was still there.

When we got there, he had to adjust it because his leg was definately longer than it was when he was eleven, but other than that, he was fine.

I wasn't used to people risking their life for me, so I honestly didn't know what to do or say. I didn't know how to thank Hiccup, so I stayed quiet. I was shy and awkward for the first time in my life. It was a weird feeling. A strange feeling. A... good feeling. What was wrong with me? I had no idea, but one thing was for sure.

Hiccup had saved my life. If he had just run away, I would not be standing there. So I would have to repay him in some way, or at least say thank you. I didn't like to owe people. But I just couldn't bring myself to say it.

If I had known then what I know now, I wouldn't have had this problem.

>In fact, I wouldn't be focusing on that at all.<p>

I would be focusing on the creepy red and yellow eyes that I didn't see staring into my back. I would be having nightmares about those eyes.

But, being oblivious as I was, I was focusing on my feelings, unaware of what had made the tree fall in the first place, and that it would happen again... very soon. They would try to eliminate at least one out of my team, very soon. And guess who that would be? A certain Ravenclaw with one leg.

The tree was only the beginning.

* * *

><p>AN: So... I bet you're wondering where I've been, and you hate me cuz I'm taking so long. Yada, yada, yada. Well I've actually been working on a new story. You can see it when you click on my name and I'm not going to try to promote it._

I did not expect the crush to start this early, but I intend to take it slow. If I can't I'm terribly sorry for letting you all down.

I know most of you guys think my stories are kind of... weird. Well they are. And I like them that way.

So this chapter, plot was revealed. Any comments on that?

Only one of you got the wand question absolutely correct in every way, and Ash you came real close, but GuppFish got it absolutely correct!

Well... Merida first saw the wand in Ollivanders when Lucinda suggested it to her, only to then decide she was too powerful for it.

Dragon points to you for taking the time to look it up or to remember it!

okay here's this chapter's questions.

1. What do you think the antagonist is? I bet at least some of you will get it right. And no I'm not basing this story around Jack Frost's life or Harry Potter's so no Voldy whole pitch, but that would be a cool idea.

2. Why did you guys click on this story? Did it look interesting? Did you follow me through LOTLF? If you thought it looked interesting, what appealed to your eye?

3. So it was interesting hearing your Dragon picks. Could you tell me why you picked that particular dragon?

oh and guys... I died! Stupid spoilers for HTTYD2! :'(. Now I know the ending and I won't be surprised. D': Kill me now!

7. Just a Feeling

Chapter 7: Just a F**eling**

"Please! I swear I'm fine, and he's fine!" I gestured to Hiccup rapidly, extremely annoyed by Madam Gooseneck, who very much lived up to her name.

"I have a feeling about tonight, missy. And I don't think that it would be wise to send you to your common rooms." She said strictly. I groaned. Hiccup looked at her strangely, then sighed.

"Can I at least go get my night clothes?" He asked.

"What?! You're agreeing to this?!" I cried.

"She's mistress of the hospital! Take it up with her!" He sulked off to go get his things, and I growled, sulking after him.

The walk to Gryffindor tower wasn't long, and I reached it soon enough. I muttered the password then stomped into the common room, very annoyed. Astrid saw me, then followed quickly behind.

"Spill." She said simply after we got into the girl's dorms. And I did.

"She's making us sleep in the hospital because she has a 'feeling'! What is that even supposed to mean?!"

"Who is 'us' and who is 'she'?" Astrid said calmly as I gathered my stuff.

"Madam Gooseneck is making me and Hiccup sleep in the hospital. There. Happy?!"

"No. But I thought Hiccup was okay."

"It's not 'im it's tha' stupid nurse!" I yelled, cursing in Norse and slipping into my accent. Astrid put her hands on my shoulders.

"Calm down. It's not a big deal. You can just come back tomorrow. She's doing you a favor. You get out of Potions for crying out loud!"

I relaxed a bit, sighing.

"I guess you're right. I'm just... frustrated today." I groaned, falling back on my bed. Astrid gave me a look, then pulled me off the bed, then pushed me out the door.

"Go to your cell." She joked, then slammed the door. "And bring me back some pumpkin juice." She called. I rolled my eyes, then started the walk back to the Hospital Wing.

.

One thing became clear to me. I was lying on my back and there was something above me, something definitely strange. A dragon. I tilted my head to the side, looking at it before reaching up to touch it. It blinked, considering my hand, then snorted, leaving my vision. I sat up, looking for it, when all I saw was the hospital wing. It was the middle of the night, and I distinctly remembered Gobber sending both me and Hiccup to Madam Gooseneck. Of course we were perfectly fine, thank you very much.

I looked around, scanning the area. It was night, and everyone was asleep. I sighed, wondering why in the world I had woken up at this ungodly hour. Oh well, I might as well make the best of it. I got up to go use the restroom, but I turned around. I had a bad feeling. A very bad feeling. In my mind, every dark shadow held a demon, and behind every door there was a murderer. I looked with wide eyes at everything, looking for something that was causing this fear. I was spooked.

I turned towards Hiccup, who was sound asleep. I had never seen him sleep before. I momentarily forgot the state I was in, watching

Hiccup. He snored a tiny bit, but it wasn't over the top annoying. So did I... so Maudie said anyway. I was apparently very bad about snoring. Hiccup's chest rose and fell, and he sounded small snores my way. I narrowed my eyes, suddenly quite suspicious.

I saw a rustling in the corner, and I grabbed for my wand, muttering a quiet '_Lumos_'. I waved my wand in the direction of the corner, finding... Toothless. I rolled my eyes, whispering '_Nox_', then, sitting my wand on the table next to my bed, walked to the girl's bathroom.

I'm not going to tell you what happened in there because I find it extremely awkward. I mean, what if I asked you what you do in the bathroom?! Rude! And gross!

So anyway, when I got back, Hiccup was in the same spot, but he was wide awake. His eyes were wide, his face shocked. I looked at him strangely.

"Merida," he said. "Don't move." Then I went deathly still. His green eyes were fixed on something probably horrifying behind me. I slowly, cautiously turned around.

"Oh. My. _Gods_." I whispered, traumatized with fear. I backed up a little, tripping and falling on the floor. The thing in front of me growled and I backed up some more until I was trapped against Hiccup's bed.

It was a dragon bigger than Toothless but smaller than a Monstrous Nightmare. It was black, it's eyes red, and it's teeth long and sticking out of it's mouth. At it's tail, black faded into purple, two spikes sticking out at the end, looking extremely venomous. It's wings were ragged and torn, littered with scars, suggesting years of combat. It's growl was low and deadly.

It suddenly screamed. I immediately covered my ears, closing my eyes and wincing. It's scream was a high pitched woman scream, shattering glass and making your ears deaf. I cried out in pain, banging my head against the bed. Hiccup fell off and put his hands over his ears.

I had heard of this dragon but it was supposed to be over in the Americas. It was called a Black Panther. This catlike dragon was famous for it's ability to scream like a female human. It lured men out who was going to rescue the fake human, and it ate them. It's primary source of food was definitely people, and that made it all the more scary.

I emitted a gut wrenching scream, desperately grabbing for my wand, which was on the table. It aimed it's tail at my face, clearly stating that if I reached my wand it would stab me, and I had a feeling poison was coursing through that venomous tail.

Hiccup suddenly spoke in hisses and growls, directed towards the dragon. It turned it's red eyes to him, then growled, showing it's many fangs. It turned towards Hiccup, ignoring me. I took this as an opportunity, jumping for my wand, then pointing it towards the beast.

It turned on me, knocking me to the ground, and pouncing on me. I screamed, struggling to get out of it's grasp. Then three things

happened at once. Hiccup jumped on the dragon's back, the dragon bit off a piece of my hair, and the door burst open. Then it threw Hiccup off its back, sending him flying into the wall. He oomphed, then got knocked out.

I looked at him, then at the dragon, then Hiccup again, shocked. I was scared, gods I was scared, but I wanted to do something. So I summoned all the energy I had, and I burst into red hot flames. The dragon jumped off of me, retreating out the open window and flying to the Forbidden Forest. I saw a human figure in front of me right before I passed out.

* * *

><p>AN: I don't have much time so I'm gonna make this quick. Sorry I've been gone so long and sorry this chapter is so short.**

1. I'm thinking about making the chapters shorter so I can update faster. Thoughts?

2. I'm going to be alternating between writing this and a sequel for my first story.

3. I love you guys! Bye!

8. Threats

**A/N: Before I post this, I have to get something off my chest, and some of you will probably hate me for this, but it's my opinion and I have the right to say it.*_

**I watched Frozen for the first time the other day. It was... okay. Everyone kept going on and on about how great it was. My curiosity rose and I had to see it. Well... let's just say the good points first because I don't want anyone to think I hated it.*_

**It was inspirational, funny, and cute. Olaf was adorable and so was that reindeer. I can't remember his name. The ice castle was gorgeous, and the characters were well developed.*_

**Now let's get to what I didn't like about it.*_

**Singing. Gosh, the singing was annoying. I mean, come on Disney, really? Disney needs to stop doing that. I mean, some kids think it's great, but they should take a note from Dreamworks and age their content a little. You can't beat How to Train Your Dragon, Disney.*_

**Also, there is that one pesky thing that bothers me nearly every time I see a Disney Princess movie. There are no sacrifices. Think about it. **_

**When you watch Frozen, do you see anything any of the characters have to live without in the end? Besides their parents I mean, but that happened 3 years before the plot. Of course there are exceptions. But mostly Disney ends up tying up everything like a pretty little bow. I hate it. This shows the writers aren't willing to give anything up, teach kids about what it's like to lose

something that's important to you. They might, but they end up giving it back to them in an instant.**_

**In HTTYD's case Hiccup's left leg and Toothless' left tail fin was a bittersweet little twist at the end of something amazing. Hiccup lost something, but he gained something more, and ***that**_* is a story, folks. **_

**Characters are supposed to loose friends and things that are dear to them in the end. This gives the characters depth and gives us an ability to see that they are human. **

**There are times when I'm satisfied with the pretty little bow and there are times when I want more. **

**For example: Brave, Tangled, and Mulan. I was especially satisfied with their endings.**

**And there is something in Brave that sets Merida apart from the rest. She doesn't need a freaking Prince Charming. Not everyone needs a lovely little birds and bees ending. Merida is strong, smart and Brave enough to get what she wants without her stupid so called true love. She is independent, and I love her for that. That makes her my favorite Disney princess. And you know what? She's only part Disney! Way to go Pixar!**

**Mulan was brilliant. It didn't just take her a day to fall in love with that guy... (Can't remember names lol) I would guess that it took a couple of months/years. She cut all her hair off and dressed like a boy which could have ended her life in a flash. That is true bravery and she is my hero. Mulan deserved what she got. She rose above everything. She is amazing.**

**Tangled was great. Better than Frozen. Flynn (can't spell his other name) is the only male character I actually like in any Disney Princess movie. Ever. That's quite an accomplishment. And it's not because he's a pretty boy. They all are. It's because he showed that he's a human being. He has strengths and weaknesses and the works. He died to save Rapunzel from a life of slavery. Rapunzel has to live without her magical hair but gets her family back. **

**Frozen compared to all that just doesn't live up to the height. Personally, I think Disney should really stop doing this clichÃ© stuff. It's really annoying and I kind of hate it. I probably left out some good princess movie that they made but I don't like any of the rest really. **

**I'm sick of these beautiful ribbon endings. Just stop. Please. Lol.**

**Okay sorry if I went on a rant but I really had to get that off my chest. **

**Message to the people who have been asking me to add the frozen characters into my story: N. O. I really am not overly fond of their characters. Sorry. This will remain a Big Four Fanfic. Don't kill meâ€¢! lol.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 8: _**Threats**_

"What happened?" I asked, shaking my head as I sat up, my fiery hair surrounding me like a lion's mane.

"You passed out." Hiccup held out his hand, which I grabbed.

"Hiccup! You got knocked out!" I immediately jumped up, pulling his hand as I did so. Hiccup didn't expect me to pull so hard so fast, so we both toppled to the ground where we ended up in a tangle of limbs.

"Ow." He said as he untangled my hair from his metal leg. I accidentally let out a little scream when he pulled on my hair. It didn't hurt when he pulled on a big chunk of my hair, but when someone isolated about three or four hairs and pulled... now that hurt.

And that was exactly how many hairs there was stuck on Hiccup's prosthetic. I cursed in Norse as I just yanked the hairs out of my head. I had plenty to spare. But then there was still the issue of getting them out of his prosthetic... which he could deal with later.

"Yeah. I have a bump on the back of my head to prove it." I sat up, grabbing his head and looking for the bump. I was in a weird mood.

"Uh. Ow."

"Hold still... where?" I asked. He raised his finger and pointed to a spot under his hair on the back of his head. I moved his hair away, which was surprisingly difficult considering how thick it was, and sure enough, there was a huge bump on the back of his head.

"Does it hurt when you touch it?"

"No, it square dances around my head." He muttered. I rolled my eyes. Hiccup: King of Sarcasm.

"I don't know a spell for that."

"The square dancing?"

I hit him over the head.

"Ow!"

"No! The bump!"

"Well now I have two bumps!"

"No you don't. Stop being whiny." Then I looked at him seriously. "Who was here after I passed out?"

He looked confused.

"What do you mean?" He asked, rubbing his head where I hit him. I got off the floor and scanned the room. It was nightfall and the windows

were open. Some of the beds had been burned a bit due to either mine or the dragon's fire... or both.

Oops.

"I saw a person come in before I passed out." I said, helping him up. Hiccup scanned the room as I had before.

"There was no one here when I woke up." Hiccup said. My eyebrows crinkled together.

"That doesn't make any sense." I groaned. "I know I saw someone."

"It was probably a hallucination. You used up all your energy getting away from that thing. It's likely that you have experienced some minor hallucinations." He said. I sighed. I didn't think it was a hallucination, but there was no other explanation.

"Well that doesn't answer why that thing attacked us." I said, hands on my hips.

"It told me that it needed to kill me." Hiccup said as if he'd forgotten. His eyes got wide, his expression unreadable. "Why would it need to kill me? What did I do?" He shook his head as if having an internal argument. His eyes were gazing off into a corner, looking at nothing; his green eyes squinted a tiny bit. His nose was the tiniest bit crinkled, and his arms were crossed.

"Maybe it wanted to possess your amazing dragon riding skills?" I shrugged. He gave me a look.

"This could be serious. What if you're next?" He asked, waving his hand out in front of me.

"So what if I'm next? Won't it have to kill you first? As long as you don't die, I'll be fine."

"And if I die?"

The idea of Hiccup dying seemed impossible to me, but tonight had been a close call... If he had been hit on the right spot on his head then he surely would have died. My eyes widened. What if he died?

"Where did you say you got hit again?" I grabbed his head yet again.

"I'm fine!" He struggled away, his hair slipping from my grasp.

All of a sudden the door burst open, Rapunzel flying through the door. She immediately headed straight for Hiccup. She grabbed his head and seemingly looked for the bump. Her eyes widened.

"So it's true."

"What is it with girls and my head?!" Hiccup pulled away, holding his head with both arms.

"I don't know, maybe it's because it's so weird looking." Jack walked

through the door after Rapunzel. I groaned.

"What are you doing here, Frost?" I growled.

"You know, you guys are lucky that all the teachers are asleep, or someone else would have come running." He said coolly.

"Anyone would be better than you." I muttered, turning to the side.

"Can you guys save the insults for later?" Rapunzel sighed.

"Hey, I didn't insult _her_." Jack said defensively.

"Shut it!" She yelled at him. I smirked.

"By the way, Jack. Hiccup's head is interesting because he got attacked by a dragon tonight. While you were 'exploring' the castle, Hiccup got thrown against the wall and Merida passed out from using too much energy to fight it off, leaving them both unconscious."

The three of us stared at her open mouthed. Hiccup finally built up the ability to speak.

"How did you-"

"I had a dream." She explained, handing me some kind of food. "Eat this. You won't feel so strange."

The food was light orange and squishy, like something filled the inside of it. I nibbled off a little piece, tasting it. I recoiled in disgust.

"It slowly tastes better the longer you eat it."

I timidly chewed on the gross stuff that tasted like rotten eggs mixed with dragon poop.

"So I'm going to get straight to the point. Whoever set that dragon on you was trying to kill us." Rapunzel said, "_All_ of us."

"What?" Jack asked, turning away from fiddling with his wand, his icy blue eyes widened. I glared at him while I ate the nasty stuff. Punzie actually glared at him with me this time.

"For some reason they want the four of us." She said gravely.

"Hold on a second. Why would they want me? I'm not connected to any of you. At all." Jack said, taking a step closer.

"He has a good point." Hiccup said, thinking everything over with his weird almost cute looking thinking face. "But then, why does it want any of us?"

"I don't know." Punzie shook her head back and forth, making her long braided hair shake. I wondered how strong her head had to be to hold all that hair. "All I know is that it wants us dead."

"_What_, exactly, _is_ it?" I asked, afraid of the answer. Punzie shook her head.

"I don't know. I just know that it's very, very_ dangerous."

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"Children." She Professor Braveheart muttered, not at all pleased at what she had heard. She looked... annoyed. She shoo'd us away. "Why don' ye go play somewhere else, hmm?"

Hiccup and I shared a glance.

"We're not playing. Rapunzel had a dream and we thought you'd understand since she was using Divination." Hiccup explained, scratching his neck.

"Ah kno' a good stor'ee when Ah see one. It's no use in bothering other teachers abou' it either. Taking away good time, ye are." With that, she nodded curtly, and then closed her study door in our faces.

"Well that was a bust." I said as we started our decent down the stairs.

"You know, maybe she's doing us a favor," Jack said. "I mean, maybe the teachers are better off not knowing."

Punzie, Hiccup, and I stared at him.

"What happens if they find out? They'll send us home. I don't know about you guys, but I have a lot more pranks to pull." A flash of hurt hinted in his eyes, but he blinked and smiled again. I shook my head. I must have imagined it.

"I guess you're right." I said, glaring. Now all three of them were staring at me.

"Merida... agreeing with Jack..." Punzie started.

"That's it! It's time to take her back to Madam Gooseneck." Hiccup said, grabbing my arm. I knocked him off.

"Hell no. There is no way, in a million years that I am ever_ going back there. I hate that woman even more than I hate him!" I pointed a finger at Jack.

"There she is." Hiccup said, relieved.

"I never left!" I glared at him. He sent me an awkward 'don't kill me' gesture. I softened a bit at that.

"Awe, I'm 2nd on your want-to-murder list? I feel appreciated." Jack laughed. I glared at him again, this time with my I-will-kill-you-if-you-don't-shut-the-heck-up stare. Firewalker suddenly burned on my shoulder, which caught my attention briefly. I forgot he was there.

"You know what? Since it's a weekend, let's head to the... um..." Punzie thought for a minute. "Uh... You know, there's not really a place where we can go. We're all in different houses. Plus I don't

think my house would like it very much if you guys happened to show up in the common room."

I thought for a minute, all of us stopped on the staircase to the Divination tower.

"We could try the courtyard... no... too crowded." I said.

"Let's just meet back tomorrow on the seventh floor. No one usually goes up there, plus there may be a room there where we can discuss this. I found it a while back... I don't know how it works yet." Hiccup suggested.

"I'm okay with that." I said.

"Same." Said Punzie.

"I'll see if I can be there. I might be pranking tomorrow so..."

"Why don't you just prank overtime today?" Punzie suggested. Jack shrugged.

"I'll try."

.*.

"Where have you been?!" Astrid glared at me, throwing an apple at my head. I caught it quickly before disaster struck.

"We were supposed to go to the library, and I've had to put up with him all day!" She pointed across the common room to Flynn, who was lying lazily on the couch.

"Rude, Viking, very rude." He held his hand up for a moment before it fell again.

"I'm sorry! I had to explain to Goose Butt why there were scorch marks on the beds." I told her. That was true, but I had also been doing other things...

"Nightmare again?" she asked. I nodded, sighing and sitting down in an armchair. Suddenly a couple second years came up to me, their curls bouncing on their heads.

"Sooooo... How did Hiccup look in his pajamas?" They giggled. I nearly fell out of my seat coughing.

"Wait... What?!" I choked out.

"Astrid told us that you were stuck with him in the hospital wing. So... you must have seen him right?!" They giggled up at me with wide eyes. Flynn suddenly decided to sneak out up to the boys dormitories. Coward. I glared at Astrid, who gave me an evil smile, and mouthed 'payback'. I nearly growled, but the girls had expectant faces, and I groaned.

"Um... No, not really." It was the truth. I hadn't really payed much attention as we were being attacked by a ferocious poisonous dragon.

The girls' spirits dropped. Good riddance.

"She's gotta be lying. Who wouldn't pay attention to him?" One of the girls giggled. I gritted my teeth, knowing that there was nowhere I could hide. I silently cursed Astrid as she slipped upstairs to the girls' dormitories.

"I'm serious; he was asleep by the time I got there. Even if I tried to look, I couldn't." I said, not lying. The girls paid no attention to my protests, and eventually started chanting 'Tell us! Tell us! Tell us!'

I sighed. I would be in for a rough week.

* * *

><p>AN:__** I know, I know. I'm a failure. You guys hate that I'm taking so long with these updates. I'm not going to even give you the 'excuses' routine. I deserve insults.__**

_**I don't really have much to say other than I'm sorry :/ you guys can answer the three questions if you want this chapter. Sorry I didn't put them up last chapter. Some of you guys actually like them xD lol.___

**1: Can you guys guess what they'll find on the seventh floor? I know I can... *evil face***

_**2: You guys... actually voted for the antagonist... and not a single one of you got the answer right? *facepalm* Well you'll just have to wait. Maybe I'll give you a second chance... who do you think will be the antagonist?__**_

_**3: FANGIRLS: Hiccup has lots of fangirls. Question: How would you put up with them as in Merida's case? or would you join them and freak out? lol__**_

End
file.